CORRIDORS BY CANDLELIGHT

A Family Album

. . . with words . . .

By Anna Clyde Plunkett

THE NAYLOR COMPANY
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

CORRIDORS BY CANDLELIGHT

From generation to generation comes the story of Corridors by Candlelight.

To the three great women

in my life

My Grandmother, my Mother, my Daughter

Foreword

Clearly this is a labor of love. This unpretentious sketch of a pioneer family and of the way in which it was related to the career and vicissitudes of Myra Clark Gaines, the Lady of the Lawsuits.

It is a panorama of familiar pictures, drawn of the homey, everyday experiences of a simple and stalwart people, who went about the business of building a nation, steady and unafraid.

A story of the gentle keepers of the hearth who rocked the cradle of early Americanism while "Myra, the Child of Adoption," rocked the nation in the most intricate and spectacular case in the history of the United States courts.

Anna Clyde Plunkett has, to my own knowledge, worked long and patiently in the gathering of her factual data and in the preparation of a connected story, which is the result of excursions in American history that began when she opened an old trunk and looked into the past of her people.

I find it interesting Americana, particularly appealing to me for its pages that deal with the remarkable Gaines Case.

— Harnett T. Kane
Prose Laureate of Louisiana

New Orleans, Louisiana

Acknowledgment

THE AUTHOR expresses deep appreciation for the generous and valuable assistance given her in the preparation of this book.

To Dr. Charles McTyre Bishop, Houston, Texas, authority on Church History; Professor Mody Boatright, University of Texas, authority on the Indians of Texas; Marian Clarkson Buie, Marlin, Texas, for patiently reading the manuscript; Ruth Campbell, Louisiana State University Library, for information on Alexander Porter; Glendy Culligan and the New Orleans *Item,* who tried faithfully to help me find Grandfather's missing bank box; Martha Dobie, Beeville, Texas, for much about the Lone Star State; Aline Dorman, for assistance in heraldic tracing; Leslie W. Dunlap, Library of Congress, for photostatic copies of Gaines material.

To Charlie Gilbert and L. W. Kemp for material on Sam Houston; Mrs. Thomas J. Holmes, Oak Lawn Manor, for Porter family history; John Hall Jacobs, New Orleans City Library, for assistance in locating the place where Grandmother danced the minuet with the Prince of Wales.

To the Houston Public Library, for many courtesies; Kate Krahl Powell, for a grand job of typing; Grace Toland, who knew all about Chapel Hill; P. F. Trimble, who sent a beautiful description of Terrene place at Rosedale, Mississippi; Dr. Garland Taylor, Howard Tilton Memorial Library, Tulane University, for photostats of Myra's letters to the Perins; Dr. Hubert D. Knickerbocker, Dallas, Texas, Biblical authority; C. W. Condit, proofreading.

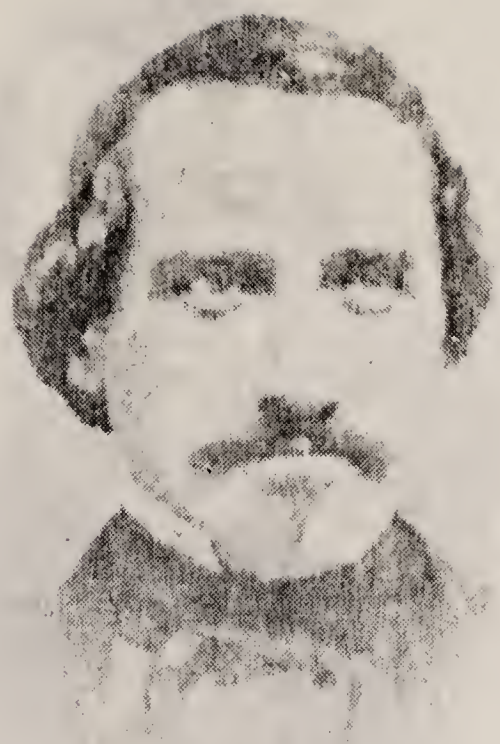
To Minnie Louise Porter, New Orleans, Mrs. Mayne Reid Waddell, Houston, Mrs. Herbert Phillips Jordan, Memphis, Tennessee, Mrs. Samuel Davis Wall, Port Arthur,

Texas, for priceless contributions of family letters and incident; and to Eleanor Merrill Sims, Edna Wolford Saunders, Eva Crew Bethany, and Genevieve Jones Patterson, for constant encouragement when the tide of genius was at low ebb.

THE AUTHOR is likewise pleased to credit superior photographic work.

To Roulande, for old pictures copied; Jack Richburg, for FRONTISPIECE; Chamberlains, Inc., for tintype and family album reprints; Horace Tucker, for pictures of Mr. Kane; André, for pictures of Miss Stewart and the little Porter girls; Walter Holloway, for picture of Ocean Springs camellia tree used on back of the jacket.

ALBUM



The Honorable Franklin Perin.

The Perin escutcheon.

The Porter escutcheon.

Mary Porter Perin.

Elias.

Sophie.

Hannah Perin and little Ezra, the future fire-eating Governor of Nebraska.

"Mack" Martin, the postmaster.

Virgie Perin visits Water Valley.

White camellias and candlelight at Ocean Springs.

Jimmie's little children, Minnie Louise and Hal Porter, boating merrily in the woods.

Hal waving the flag, with Sister Maydie by his side.

Virgie's second-day dress.

Andrew Allison and Mattie Perin.

Fanny.

Mallie.

Frances Blackbourne Stewart, little Mittie's great-granddaughter.

Velma and Hazel.

Mattie, Minnie Lou and Kate.

"Brother and Me" amid the daisies, hollyhocks and overgrown snowflakes.

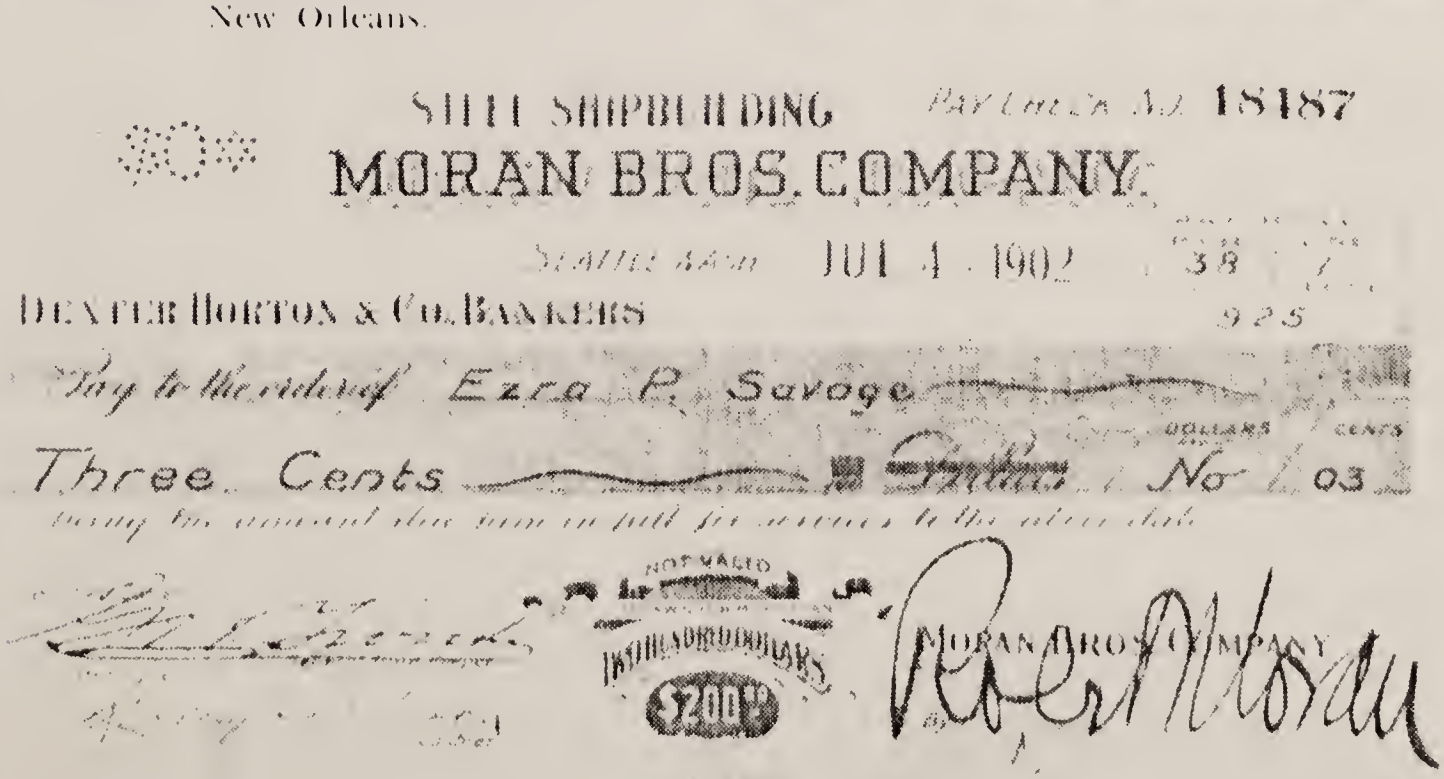
Elias Washington Porter.

John R. Porter.

Bess. Lucy. Rebecca.

Another "Mary" and the fourth "Franklin."

Virginia and Louisa Perin of New Orleans.


SHIP BUILDING Pay Check No. 18187
MORAN BROS. COMPANY
SEATTLE WASH JUL 4 1902 38 / 925
DEXTER HORTON & CO. BANKERS
Pay to the order of Ezra P. Savage
Three Cents Dollars No 03
NOT MARKED
INTHE ADDRESSEE'S
$200.00
MORAN BROS COMPANY

The missing pay check.

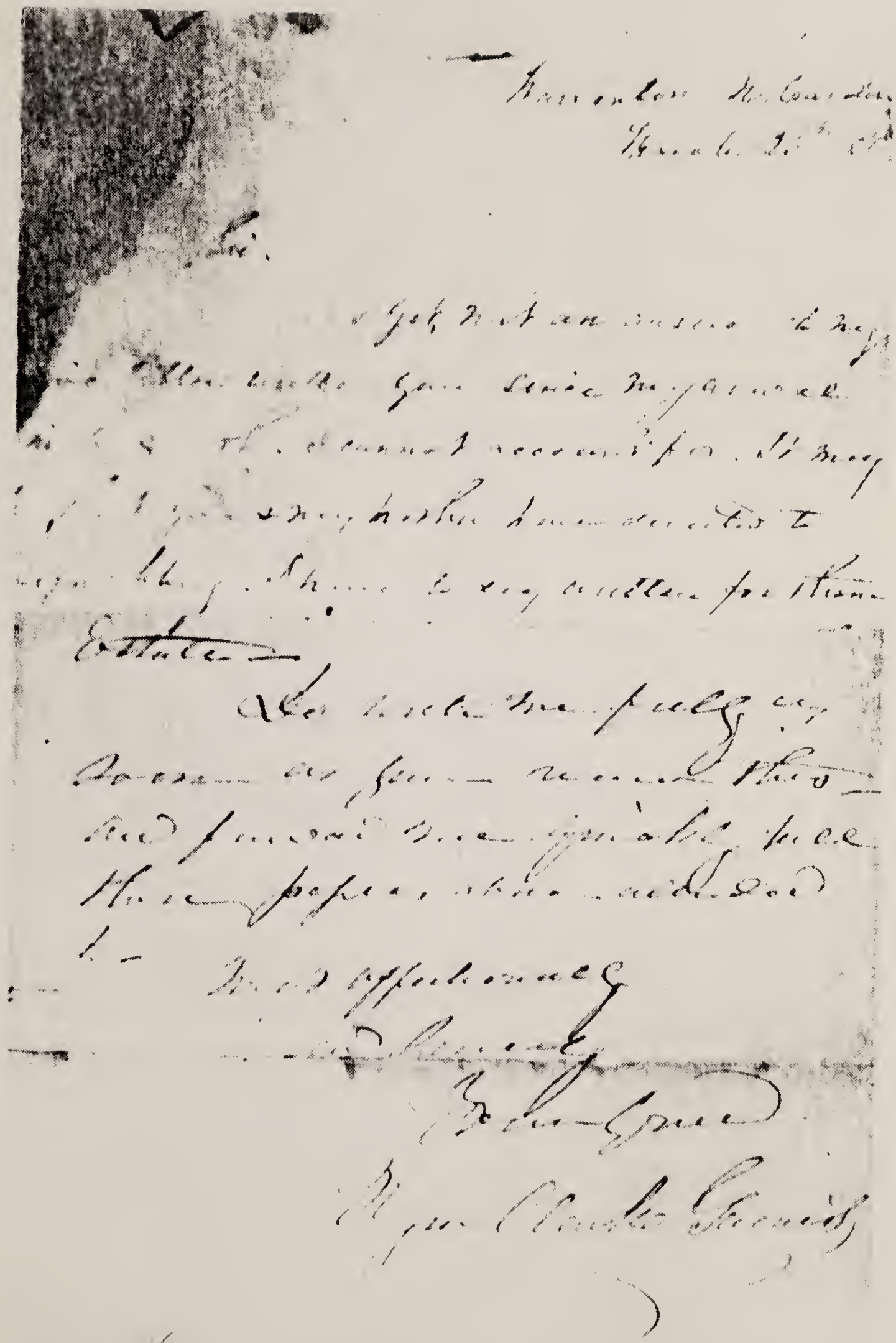
Christmas dinner at Virgie's first little home. The last family reunion before the swift breaking of the earthly chain started. Martha Allison and Minnie Lou, Andrew, Louisa Lee Cloud, with daughters Hazel and Velma. Virgie and small daughter. Mack Dinguid, Charlie Perin, Mallie Blackbourne, Mrs. Franklin Perin, Franklin, Mattie and Kate on the steps, chore boys John and Lige on either side.

Robert Usher receives from Virginia Franklin Perin Martin the only original hand-written records of the Myra Clark Gaines Case.

Alex Allison entertains at luncheon after the presentation ceremony.

Virginia Franklin Perin Martin.

Harnett T. Kane.



Myra Clark Gaines letter to Franklin Perin, 1862.

Prelude

SOFTLY, and with veiled uncertainty, a single candle throws its flickering light through the long, dim corridors of remembrance. Its tiny beams cut through the darkness and silence of the yesteryears, and pick up the highlights and the shadows, one the more poignant because of the other.

Then memory catches alike the flash of a smile, or the sound of weeping . . . music of an old guitar and a song rippling in on the moonpath from a phantom schooner under full sail in the night wind. . . .

Love and radiance in the eyes of a bride . . . the still sweet face of a baby . . . the shrill chatter of a parrot, high in the branches of an ancient oak, his brilliant feathers even more vivid against the soft gray of the swaying moss . . . the bitter shock of lost possessions . . . the merry laughter of children, splashing in after the little waves that slip up over tiny pink feet on the sands of the Gulf.

Hours of great triumph and happiness . . . death on Christmas Day. Yet through it all shines the strong, bright thread of a deathless faith, making possible the courage to meet with dignity the long procession of events that go to make up this thing we call *Life*.

Walk with quietness along these hallowed passageways of time, lest the echo of footsteps disturb, and the beating of your own heart break the spell.

CORRIDORS BY CANDLELIGHT

CHAPTER I

THE DISTANT crowing of a rooster in that darkest hour just before the dawn sounded faintly through the chill March wind.

It was not with the usual gusto and clarity that the chanticleer announced the coming of a new day, but in rather a muffled and entirely disgruntled tone, for he was cooped up for the first time in his life with his contemporaries of the barnyard in a huge crate that was securely fastened to the last one of a long line of covered wagons that stood like gray ghosts in the driveway of "Elm Grove."

Though the call was small, it was enough to arouse William Lawson Porter from his brief, and far from sound, slumber. The fires in the great old house had been banked the night before with ashes and the bright red coals were quickly uncovered, giving scarcely enough warmth to dress by, but there was not time to allow for the building and extinguishing of the customary big log fires.

One by one, fat candles blinked through the windows of the slave wings, and the plantation was awake. Excitedly, in the eerie darkness, the house servants moved swiftly and noiselessly to dispose of breakfast and pack the last of the household equipment, as nothing must prevent the early start. Mammy Cindy had the clothes of her "chilluns" packed and was helping Miss Mallie and the young ladies with the last-minute details of leaving the almost empty house clean and in order.

But she was none too happy over this long trip, and an occasional sniffle was hard to suppress. Lawson Porter's sister Martha and her husband, Dr. William G. Austin, from New Orleans, were on their way by boat to Galveston. But Mallie's sister, Mary Gillespie, and her husband, James Buford, would join the Porter caravan at Natchez. Now the horses and mules were being put into harness, and soon the wagon train would be winding down through the long lovely avenue of elms into the main road which led toward the great westward adventure — a merino sheep ranch in Texas.

For a long time Mallie (Lydia Malvena) and William Lawson Porter had planned this Texas trip, but now that the time had come, strange fears and misgivings gripped their hearts at the leaving behind of ancestral security and gracious living; but they were young, and the spirit of adventure took precedence over all else.

They had glowing expectations of this great wild, western borderland between Louisiana and Texas, for should the Sabine ever become navigable, great vistas of progress and wealth would be opened up, and Lawson's great dream of raising and marketing merino sheep would be realized.

The Bufords had left things secure in "Oak Lawn," the Ocean Springs estate, with enough of the trusted slaves in charge, and bringing along only a sufficient

number to man the wagons for the overland trip. They had preceded the party to Natchez in order to complete ferry arrangements for the crossing of the great Mississippi River. The Austin family was coming by water to Galveston and thence inland to the land grant near Houston. As the procession turned from the home road into the main one, Mallie looked back.

Old "Uncle Hob" had fastened the big wooden gates behind the last of the wagons, and stood with his arms folded on the top rail, gazing wistfully up at the home that had sheltered him. His father before him had been given as a wedding present to Mary Hobson when she had married John Richard Porter up there in the old home in Giles County, Tennessee, the home where all their children were born — James Brown, Elias Reese, Young, Martha and then William Lawson.

And now old Hob was talking it all over with himself: "When dis Baby William come along, Marse John he say to me, 'Li'l' Hob, you is to watch ober dis here boy as long as you lives, and when he done growed up to git married you is to be give to him as a weddin present.' Shore 'nuff he do grow up quick like an' come a-ridin' home dar one day from Virginnie wid his bride Miss Lydia Malvena Gillespie.* Me an my Cindy is give to 'em as they own an comes wid 'em when old Marster give 'em dis big plantation below de Tennessee line. All they little chilluns me an Cindy mos' 'bout raise fer 'em an now we'se a-leavin' it all behind. Mouten nebber see it no mo."

His head fell on his arms and the frail old body

---

* The diminutive Lydia Malvena, who arrived with her seven trunks, her personal maids and her carefully packed box of "Patricia" iris bulbs, one of the most important items in the trousseau of a Virginia bride. Each family bred its own iris as it did its livestock, and "Patricia" was the private stock of the Gillespies.

The strain still carries on — an exquisite pale orchid-like thing, blooming regularly in the George R. Gillespie gardens in Nashville, Tennessee.

shook with sobs. Mallie had seen through her own blinding tears. Gently she laid her hand over her husband's on the reins, and the caravan stopped. Well she knew that only his devotion to his master and mistress made possible the tearing loose of those deep roots matted under every inch of the soil of Elm Grove — the great comfortable home that had sheltered them all. But the faithful slave suddenly recovered his dignity, whipped out the red bandana handkerchief and wiped his streaming eyes.

In the faint pre-dawn light Mallie had not seen the slight figure of James, her youngest son, standing with the reins of his pony through his arm, waiting for Uncle Hob, nor had she seen the arm that slipped around him and the handclasp, man to man. For Jimmie's own grief was greater by far than leaving home, security and ease; he was leaving his two long, lop-eared, sleek, black and brown coon dogs, "Smut" and "Brownie." Several of the fox hounds had been selected from the pack, and Mittie had been allowed to bring along her tiny puppy. Cindy, of course, had to bring "MoRover," but Lawson had set his foot down on the coon dogs.

In the barn the night before, a heartbroken little boy of eight was saying goodbye to his most treasured possessions, and Texas held little joy for him without them. He and Uncle Hob had talked it over and decided that he would not see them again in the morning, as the caretaker had orders to chain them up until the procession was safely out of sight. Deep and profound was the bond of understanding between these two. As Jimmie mounted his pony, Hob swung into his saddle, raised his arm high in signal to the driver of the lead wagon, and they were off, lock, stock and barrel, on the dusty clay road that jogged its way over hills, around gullies and through creek bottoms toward that magic city of Natchez.

And through half-closed lids of shuttered windows,

the stately old house watched them leave. Then folding the deep shadows of her trees about her like a soft gray shawl, she settled comfortably back into the mists of the morning, there — a sleepless sentinel — to watch and wait and hope for the return of her children.

CHAPTER II

THE MILES and the morning slipped easily by and with them the keenness of the break-away from home. Then gradually, as in all journeys, conversation shifted to the destination. Mittie sat curled up in the corner, holding the sleepy puppy and wondering if there were small dogs in Texas for him to play with; but Mary, oldest of the children, was carrying on a mysterious conversation with Mammy Cindy. They always talked about things she didn't understand, but this time it was worse than ever, because they whispered, and now and then Mammy chuckled till her three hundred pounds all but rocked the big wagon.

Mary was twelve and was going to enter some wonderful school in Texas. In fact, that was one of the big things that had entered into the plans of the Sabine investment. The school was the Wesleyan Seminary at Chapel Hill. The four little cousins — Mary Young Porter, Martha and Willie Austin, and Sophie Porter — were among the first to be registered for its opening season, September, 1846.

"Well, so far, so good," said William Lawson, as

the last of the neighboring plantation occupants and owners waved Godspeed from window, porch, and fence rail, and from now on less familiar territory was ahead. "But," he continued, "I am a little worried over Jimmie. He rides far behind with Uncle Hob and is still brooding over those awful dogs. Perhaps I should have let him bring them after all, but with the fox hounds, Mittie's puppy and old yellow MoRover, I feel that after all that's dogs enough." (MoRover was Cindy's treasured possession, named for her favorite Bible story, quoted in Cindy's words, "And Lazarus he lay at de gate and MoRover de dog come and lick his sores.")

"Oh, yes," Mallie replied, "he will soon forget them in the joy of the new country. And I am very happy, Lawson, over Mammy Cindy's attitude. She and Mary have giggled and had the merriest time all the way. I was afraid this morning when Mammy went off and stayed in the barn so long. I knew she was crying it out, but she is so happy now it pulls us all up by our boot-straps."

And so the talk drifted, with new scenes around every curve, and over every hilltop new vistas. A roadside grove was selected as the spot for lunch and soon all camping equipment was given its first tryout. The younger servants were delegated to the task of cooking this time, as Mammy Cindy complained of feeling a little "porely." She sat in silent dignity, her full skirts spread out until they seemed to fill the space of the wagon, and refused to budge. Her master, terrified at the thought of Mammy's being sick, brought the bountifully helped plate himself to the wagon. As he, in great solicitude, handed the delectable plate up to her, his ears caught a familiar thump, thump on the floor of the wagon. The smell of fried ham and big hominy was too much for the stowaways; two telltale, long slick noses poked guiltily out, and the big sorrowful eyes of the coon dogs peered up at him from the pro-

tective billows of Cindy's countless petticoats. White-eyed and frightened, she sobbed:

"Marse Lawson, 'fore Gawd, I couldn't stand to see dat chile las' night down in the barn a-cryin' his heart out dar on de hay, wid a arm round each ob dese mangy dogs; so, early dis mornin' I creeps down dar and leads de triflin' rascals to dis wagon and gives 'em some bones to keep 'em quiet. I covered 'em up wid myself and prayed Gawd they'd stay quiet twill too late fer yo to make us turn 'round and take 'em back."

But when she looked up through her tears, Marse Lawson's broad smile reassured her. He grabbed her by her big, broad shoulders and shook her as he almost shouted: "Mammy, you blessed old scoundrel, I was about to turn around and go back to get them. Go tell Jimmie quick."

With a great fluttering and heaving, she was out, and with a voice that made the welkin ring was calling and running, with her arms held out toward the sad little figure quietly sitting his pony at the end of the wagon train.

"Jimmie, little boy, here's yo nasty ole black dogs. Yo Pa say it's all right, honey." But by that time, a great mixture of dogs and boy and black mammy were rolled into one big happy ball in the good old yellow Mississippi dirt.

CHAPTER III

THE days of traveling and nights of camping stretched out. Mary, when too weary of the wagon, had her

thoroughbred horse "Lady" saddled, and rode for hours at a time with her two young brothers, John and Elias. These three were inseparable. Points of congeniality were too numerous for the boys to resent the companionship of the dainty sister who could beat them at most of their games.

When riding to hounds, these three always were first to reach the spot where the terrified little creature was held at bay; and they always saw to it that Mr. Fox got mysteriously away before the party breathlessly arrived, to see only a pack of disgusted-looking hounds and three innocent-looking youngsters.

This morning, their conversation was endless — planning, wondering, going over the stories they had heard of Texas, of her cattle and her prairies and of her Indians. Mississippi had long been safe from that terror, for the five tribes — the Creek, Seminole, Choctaw, Muskoki, and Cherokee — had been moved to Oklahoma.

But in Texas many straggling bands of hostile tribes were still abroad, and well they knew that when the Sabine River was crossed, the lines of procedure would be drawn tighter, the night guard doubled, and from then on, the trip would be far different from the happy-go-lucky jaunt through the lazy land of cotton-field and corn patch, of peace and plenty, of interesting happy scenes by day and by night, campfires and the mellow harmonies of contented slaves, singing as they went about the business of making camp.

Natchez in all the lush beauty and charm of 1846 was hard to leave. Mallie and the girls were for staying there awhile with relatives, but family consultation brought the decision to move on according to plan, and the long perilous ferrying of the Porter-Buford fifteen-wagon train proceeded.

Far out over the great expanse of muddy water, Cindy heard a small scared voice coming from the di-

rection of a group of pickaninnies — huddled close to one of the big wagon wheels.

"Mammy, how come dis ribber be so long and fur acrost?" And Mammy, having never seen anything more pretentious herself than the mild little Cold Water River, answered with her usual authority, "Son, it bound to be fur 'cause dis am de pappy ob all de water in de world — reason why dey name it de Mister-sippi."

CHAPTER IV

A QUIET, subdued party it was that crawled slowly across the trail after the Red River pontoon crossing below Nachatoches.* Uncertainty, anxiety, and plain stark fear had taken over. There were only small fires to cook by, quickly put out, and at night only cold things to eat, as firelight would be a deadly target for attack. An occasional settlement gave warning of thieving, plundering bands of Kiowas that came boldly up from the coast, and it was not long until that strange sense of being followed pervaded the outriders. On turning to look, they could see nothing, but all day the consciousness of it haunted the men.

The wagons were placed in a huge circle that night, with everyone on the alert. Mary, fearing for the conspicuousness of her pure white Tennessee walking horse, had her tied close to the side of the wagon where

* Nachatoches — Pronounced Nak' a-toch.

she, Mittie and Mammy were sleeping, the long, strong rope tied to the inside beam where she could watch it. Lawson had given orders not to shoot, as one never knew how many Indians were in hiding and ready to surround the wagons.

The keen ear of Jed, one of the young Negroes, was the first to hear the soft pad of horses' hoofs, and in the half moonlight to see the Indians coming. Frozen with fear, every man, at his post, waited in breathless silence.

Mary was awake, her eyes fixed on the rope outlined against the white canvas of the wagon. Mittie cried softly in her sleep, but Mammy had her quickly against her breast, and rocked her back and forth, gently smothering the sound.

They all saw the two Indians slide from their horses and creep stealthily toward the wagon, their scalp knives held firmly in their teeth. But only Mary and Mammy saw the long red arm reach into the wagon and the sharp knife cut through the rope.

The Indians were gone like phantom things, and with them, pulling back with all her might, went Lady.

By daylight Lawson, Hob, and the young Negro Jed were in their saddles. The footprints were plain and easy to follow. A huge basket of supplies, bright with ribbons and gay cloth, was fastened to the front of the saddle, as Lawson had been schooled in methods of handling Indians. But this was the first time he had been put to the test.

Lady was tied to a swinging limb, and her pretty head turned in recognition of familiar hoofbeats long before the riders came in sight.

The band was a small one, the ringleader standing like a statue as the paleface dismounted and walked toward him holding out the basket. The colors caught his eye, and with a strange jargon of attempted English, he grinningly looked Lawson straight in the eye,

then turned toward Lady, frantically trying to break from her tethering, neighing desperately and digging her delicate hoofs into the hard earth. Lawson put the basket on the ground and motioned toward the horse.

Quickly the Indian picked it up and placed it safely inside his wigwam.

"Paleface take white pony," and solemnly he released the horse.

The whole band of Indians were gathering round the basket, much too excited and pleased for further formality. And as the paleface rode away, Lady's swift feet outdistanced her liberators, and she was gone like the wind toward the home on wagon wheels.

CHAPTER V

THE LAST crossing had been made, and the Sabine country lay before them. The land grants called for four leagues (ten miles) of land, on the Cypress River (Sabine), on the Texas side where the river formed the boundary between Louisiana and Texas. The earlier settlers had found its banks thickly covered with cypress trees and had given it that name.

A wilderness of marshy country, a dense and mosquito-infested area, greeted the Mississippians. Lawson Porter and Jim Buford stood on the bank of the river and solemnly surveyed the land. In the gathering darkness could be seen an immense log raft floating down the river. They took heart — tomorrow it would all look brighter.

They were at least at trail's end, and there were other settlers on both sides of the river. The thought of friendly folk and the sight of the curling wisps of woodsmoke rising from crude chimneys warmed their hearts. As night closed in, campfires could be seen — burning brightly and unafraid. For the first time in the long, long weeks behind them, the weary travelers were soon enveloped in sound, restful sleep.

CHAPTER VI

HARD WORK and an objective are morale builders, and soon organized living was taking shape once more. The silence of the woods (except for the dull splash of alligators slithering off the bank) was broken by the sound of axes and the ringing melody of the deep, rich voices of the Negroes, as they worked and sang in the steady rhythm which is their God-given heritage and secret of endurance.

Sheepfolds, stockades, makeshift dwellings, slave quarters — all were quickly constructed, and the unthinkable, unbelievable hardships of pioneering were being met with the courage and fortitude and endless patience which were the great talents of that generation.

The rough log house with its tiny steeple, constructed by the settlers for use as both church and school, was put to good use, for while each pioneer home had its own family altar, there was still that great need of the gathering-together in a weekly hour of worship — a necessity to this anxious, striving people. So it is

that pack mules in the coal mines are brought regularly out into the light, lest they go blind from working too long in the darkness.

Early in the year a teacher was found who went each day to give such instruction as was possible, out of whatever books the children brought. This assortment ranged about from *Blue-Back Speller, Aesop's Fables, McGuffey's First Reader* and *Shakespeare,* to *The Bible.* To this seat of learning went all of the boys, and on good days Mittie begged to go along too. This was their first experience with "going to school," as up to this point, their education had been gained from a governess who came down from Memphis, dividing her time (three days to a family) among the three plantations that lay nearest together. Added to this was Mallie's constant teaching of *The Bible* — not just the routine requirement of a certain number of verses memorized each day, but an ingenious and careful study of its phraseology, its smooth-flowing rhythm and beautiful wording.

She taught them to spell from it too. From it they learned the simple truths of the great pattern of living, in language that clothed them like the soft folds of a robe; and the timing of the everyday miracles of sunrise and sunset, of changing of seasons and of the elements was counted out to them with the grace and gentleness of the measured tread of sandaled feet.

CHAPTER VII

EVERYTHING was fun that first winter. Every new experience was treasured. The feel of the icy breath of the

first real Texas norther, that blew in like a howling wolf pack while they were at school. Lightly clad and barefooted, they had gone in the early morning, and by five o'clock in the afternoon the men at the ranch were removing the big wheels from one of the wagons and fastening on runners of logs. With these improvised sleds they would attempt to drive through the blinding snow to where the worst blizzard in fifty years had the children of the neighboring landowners trapped completely.

The older boys had ventured out into the storm and gathered firewood enough to keep their little goose-bumpy arms and legs from freezing. And there, crowded together at the one tiny glass window, they peered through the rapidly frosting pane, at first gleefully, but as night began to close in on them, a bit wistfully, watching and waiting for help.

The big wagon finally loomed up and the huge, dark object that was moving toward them was none other than blessed old Cindy, heading up the relief squad. Armed with every manner of blanket and robe, she soon had them bundled up and headed toward the ranch. And oh the fun of that ride home!

"Miss Mallie," said Cindy that night, when she was dramatically relating every gory detail of the rescue, "they looked like a bouquet uv field daisies wid lace 'round it — all dem li'l' white faces plastered ergin dat one clear place whut dey was breathin' on. De res' ob de winder nigh 'bout frez over. All dem blue-eyed chillun, a-peepin' out an' dose little red lips a-smilin' when dey seed dey Mammy Cindy trudging through dat fast comin' down snow to get to 'em."

Late into the night Mammy's already graphic description waxed moreso, as the excitement of her wide-eyed listeners spurred her on.

"Yassir, when we gits dar all we seed wuz de chil-

luns' faces lookin' out dat winder — wa'n't no house dar at tall. I gits out wid my arms full er blankets an' hot bricks an' mufflers, an' er great big kettle er hot soup, an' I shovels a path to dat winder."

"But Mammy," drawled the lanky twelve-year-old Toby, "how come you kin shovel wid all dat in yo' arms?"

"Well, son, hit wuz lak dis: Lige, he went rat ahead uv me wid de shovel."

"Yass um," Toby nodded, perfectly satisfied.

But by midnight, when the last visitors from the far cabins had come to hear about it, Cindy leaned back, took a fresh dip of snuff, and with a "throw anoder log on de fire, boy," started all over again.

"You see, folks, by de time de wagons found de church-school building, it wa'n't dar at tall. It wuz all snowed under plumb to de little steeple. Jes' de smoke comin' out de big square chimbly wuz de onliest way we found it. Now Lige, he bein' de slimpest one in de crowd, we jes' ties a rope roun' him, an' eases him down dat chimbly. One by one, he ties de chillun on de rope, and we pulls 'em up, wraps 'em up, an' sticks 'em in de wagon."

"Miss Cindy," drawled the unquenchable Toby, "must er burnt him powerful, landin' in dat fire. Sho must er smutted dey clothes, bein' drug up dat chimbly."

"Son, I jes' brushes 'em off wid some snow 'fore dey burns clean through."

But Lige, at first confiding to Cindy that he "disremembered 'bout goin' down no chimbly," was hushed up with the thoroughly satisfactory explanation that the "awful 'sperience done frez up his wits a little."

So by morning Lige was a hero of the first water. He'd heard the story related so many times that by now he firmly believed it himself. All day he walked around in a trance, being bowed low to by all the

young Negroes who offered to "do de chores fer Mister Lige," who, in turn, could be found behind the kitchen stove, alternately playing his jew's-harp and sleeping (as was everything else within the sound of the drone of those buzzy little tunes that lulled the very cows into a coma).

CHAPTER VIII

WHEN CHRISTMASTIME came, the heavy rains and slush of the melting snow made utterly impassable the road to the Trading Post, even to ox or mule. Mr. and Mrs. William Lawson Porter looked at each other and exchanged troubled glances over the prospect of Christmas shopping.

But, somehow, the things that Santa Claus fashioned and got down the crude chimney to the stockings hung in a row were the dearest and cleverest they had ever received.

There were little wagons made of boxes, with wheels cut from just the right size trees, all painted red like the church-school. There were rag dolls of various sizes, with exquisite clothes made with real buttons and buttonholes, so that they could be dressed and undressed. Mother had made bright red sunbonnets for the girls out of an old party dress, so that she could more quickly spot them coming through the woods. There were tree ornaments of pine cones, long strings of popcorn and cranberries, and the usual candies and cookies.

Thus, in the wilderness, this pioneer family created the mystic charm of Christmas and kept the faith with that sweetest of all traditions.

How often, in the long, long "later on," they were to tell their children's children about this "home-made Christmas" in Texas, about the gay rag dolls with such funny faces, and red wagons made of boxes with wheels cut from just the right size trees.

> What a little thing to remember for years,
> To remember, with tears.

CHAPTER IX

SPRING was at high tide when the final arrangements were to be made for registration. The mattresses, as well as sheets, pillow cases, and towels, were to be deposited at the college along with the payment of tuition for Mary Young Porter, Martha and Willie Austin, and Sophie Porter.

Jim Brown Porter, Lawson's older brother, had left the Giles County, Tennessee, home many years ago for the West, and with his bride, Margaret Baird, had cast his lot near Houston, in the cattle country. So, with young daughter Sophie, they joined the party at Liberty.

Near Hempstead the endless stretches of flat prairie lands give way to the gentle slopes that swing themselves gradually and gracefully up into the hill country. Turning left toward Brenham, the Mississippians had their first view of the buffalo clover. Breath-tak-

ing sweeps of blue, like "lakes running uphill," rippling in the wind, wave after wave. Occasional splotches of Indian Paintbrush gleamed like scarlet sails on a sea of blue. With wondering eyes they stood subdued in the presence of this miracle of God in nature, this overwhelming beauty which is the distinctive endowment of the State of Texas. The legends of the bluebonnet range from Indian lore to Franciscan monks, from the spilling of Texas blood in battle to plain soil conditions; but history and nature seem to have proven that the monks brought the seed from the Holy Land and planted bluebonnets first near the missions and the tiny seedlings were scattered abroad by the winds.

Then, in the very heart of this flowered section, where blue hilltop melts into azure sky, and the horizon is all but lost in the blending, the walls of Wesleyan College* came into view from the topmost point of land halfway between Hempstead and Brenham.

When the wagons stopped to rest the horses before the last long pull, Mary Young Porter, dignified young college entrant, and in a few short years to be the queenly person dancing with royalty in the Nation's capital, climbed down from her perch and rolled and rolled in the fragrant fields of bluebonnets — a last little-girl gesture before passing through the impressive portals of the house of learning.

---

* Founded in 1846, Wesleyan College gave way in a few years to Chapel Hill Female College.

CHAPTER X

THINGS MOVED slowly at Sabine that fall. Mittie was disconsolate with Mary away. The long torrential rains discouraged all manner of industry. With splendid loyalty, drenched slaves tried to carry through the plans. Jimmie and Young William struggled through their studies with meager instruction. William, already consumed with his ambition to become a doctor, had made friends with the Caddo "Medicine Man" — to the uneasiness of his mother, but to the great enlightenment of the future Dr. William Porter. But Jimmie, so far, was perfectly content to raise coon dogs, and Smut and Brownie were cheerfully shouldering that responsibility. John and Elias stood by their father like the true soldiers they were, but even Jim Buford was beginning to listen to discouraging talk of the Sabine's being an impossible situation.

A family friendship, which dated back to Tennessee days when Sam Houston was governor of that state, was refreshingly renewed, as Sabine was on Sam's line of march from his home to his various objectives, and his frequent visits at the Buford-Porter settlement were welcome oases in this misty, moisty desert they were trying to make a "go" of. The Caddo Indians had proven friendly and, when that fear had subsided, the family was no longer startled to hear in the dead of night a big thump on the porch and the heavy tramping of boots.

"Oh, it's just Sam on the way somewhere," they would say, and no amount of persuasion would make him come inside to sleep. But with his head pillowed on his saddle, his long body stretched out, he always claimed to sleep better under the stars than under a roof.

Sometimes he was up and gone before breakfast, and again, would chat for hours with the two men.

"Stick it out, Lawson," he would say; "there's something besides mosquitoes in these old swamplands if you can find it."

It mattered not in which direction he was headed; the three older children were always ready, booted and spurred, to "ride a piece of the way" with "The Raven." In these never-to-be-forgotten rides through the great open spaces, they garnered priceless stores of knowledge of the country, the crops, the soil and choicest morsels of Texas history first-hand. From his own lips they heard the story of the great decisive battle of San Jacinto, just eleven years before, and the promise to show them, sometime before long, the very tree under which he lay with a broken leg, as he penned the description of the victory and the full report of the capture of Santa Anna to Major General Edmund Pendleton Gaines, commander-in-chief of the Army of the West.

And General Sam Houston made good his promise to these pioneer children, whose opportunities for learning were so limited that they snatched at every straw of enlightenment thrown their way and eagerly, deeply absorbed it.

It was on one of the pilgrimages for supplies to the little township that bore his name that he led them by the coast route to the battle ground of San Jacinto, and there under the same tree the General stood and in subdued tone repeated to the Mississippians the immortal words of his charge to his troops just before the battle.

> This morning we prepare to meet Santa Anna. It is your chance to free Texas. From time to time I have looked for reinforcements in vain. We will only have 700 men to march with, besides the camp guard. We go on to conquer — it is wisdom growing out of necessity to meet the enemy now.

Every consideration forces it. No previous occasion would justify it. The troops are in fine spirits and now is the time for action. We shall use our best efforts to fight the enemy to such advantage as will insure victory. I leave the results in the hands of a wise God and rely upon His Providence. My country will do justice to those who serve her. The right for which we fight will be secured and Texas FREE.

As he spoke, their slim, young bodies straightened, and with bared heads they stood at attention on the hallowed hillside. Just one hundred years later, fifteen hundred slim, blue-clad youngsters were to stand at rigid salute on the deck of a magnificent 650-foot cruiser called *Houston*, as she glided cautiously through the narrow channel. Silently, majestically, "As ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing," the heroes of the battlefields of the Pacific paid tribute to the heroes of San Jacinto.

But Mittie, too tiny to realize the full import of the General's words, stood holding tightly to Elias' hand, watching the seagulls as they circled in from the narrow blue ribbon of water that twisted its way through the tall marsh grass.

Fascinated she watched them — flying so low that their great white wings threw strange shadows across the upturned faces of these two children who stood a little apart from the group.

Could a seagull throw the shadow of its wings across a century? Forebodings, perhaps, for Elias and Mittie each gave a great-grandson to the second World War in the service of the United States Army Air Corps.*

---

* Elias Porter Haizlip, Air Corps instructor, gave his life in saving that of a student.

Leigh Elliott Stewart, pilot, was lost over France with his entire crew in one of Jimmy Doolittle's experimental B-17 raids.

CHAPTER XI

WHEN WINTER came, and time to send for the girls to spend Christmas at home, Mammy Cindy and Hob were delegated to the undertaking. Mallie was none too well; the younger children were to be considered first, so she and Lawson made ready in great fashion at home for the holiday visitors.

With featherbeds and charcoal stoves, their funny little chimneys sticking out the top of the wagon, food supplies for the two-week trip, wood for campfires, and always the trading stuff — just in case of Indian trouble — Mammy and Hob, swelling with their importance, left in high spirits.

The young granddaughter, Naomi, was chosen to go as personal maid for the young ladies and to help Mammy with the cooking. John and Elias, of course, were outriders. Only two wagons were needed, and three of the stablemen went along to care for the horses and effect the relay in Houston where Lawson's horses were to be left and Dr. Austin's teams put in.

As they were leaving Houston, Dr. Austin called the two boys aside and said: "John, you and 'Lias keep your eyes peeled and move cautiously from here on, as I understand there are small bands of Comanches roaming the country. Their headquarters, the military informs me, are centered at Coleman, the big chief Santa Anna's settlement. They ride down as far as Hempstead and often clash with the Huaco tribes from up around Hillsboro."

Toward evening of the fifth day out of Houston, Hob gave the signal as usual for supper preparations and making camp for the night. But John sat motionless on his horse, his eyes fixed on the dreaded outline clearly silhouetted against the sunset sky.

Naomi had been sent to the brush nearby to gather twigs for the fire. Coming back into the clearing with her arms full, she suddenly realized that the camp was surrounded by Indians. She also realized that the handsome redskin with the high feathers had his eyes fixed on her.

Trembling like an aspen leaf, she sank weakly to her knees, laid the wood on the fire and involuntarily raised her hand to the crown of her head. Suddenly the redskin wheeled and was gone like a whirlwind, the whole band following him. Then, in a cloud of dust, he was back again in a matter of ghastly seconds with a great bundle of firewood before him on his pony.

Naomi's eyes rolled in her head as he came toward her and laid his offering at her feet.

"Big Chief Minnekata help black squaw make fire," he grunted.

Mammy Cindy was watching him from the safety of the wagon and saw him grin, then turn and dash away. And, horror of horrors, Naomi grinned back at him!

Even the joyous sight of her young mistress and the pretty cousins couldn't blot out the scene, for Mammy had premonitions of trouble ahead.

A light snow had fallen the night before they left Chapel Hill, all the blankets and quilts were unpacked and the four little girls bundled up cozily in the great prairie schooner and started for home.

The excited travelers could talk of nothing but Naomi's hair-raising experience, and they were not surprised when they reached the camping grove to find "dat big red Injun" wrapped in his blanket, waiting. Instantly he slid from his pony and started the carefully laid campfire that soon blazed up to high heaven. In the bright light of its radiant flames, strange

figures were moving grotesquely among the shadows of the not too far distant trees.

An Indian settlement had been established in their brief absence. Four little white faces crouched close to the front of the wagon, with Mammy on guard in the rear. In her hand, half hidden under the folds of her dress, she clutched that favorite weapon of womankind since the beginning of time — a long, solid, hand-hewn rolling pin.

"Mammy," the girls whispered, "what are you going to do with that rolling pin, and what are they doing at home without it?"

"Honey chile, yo Maw ain't gwiner try to make no biscuits widout her Cindy's dar to hep her. She jest make dem gals stir up a little corn pone fer yo Paw and the chillun twil I gets back. But if that Mr. Injun cast dem beady eyes toward my Naomi again, I'se gwiner mash in his haid twil dem feathers sticks clean on thu him and out de odder side."

But her belligerence began to lessen a bit when she saw how the Indian was helping to make camp and showing the men many clever ways of creating comfort in the wilderness. In the morning light all eyes were watching the Indian encampment, and Mammy, hoarse with fright, said, "Honey, what is dem bumps in dem Injuns' backs?"

"Why, Mammy," answered Martha, the older of the girls, "that's where they carry their babies."

Profound silence pervaded the wagon for a while, and then they heard Mammy, half under her breath, muttering, "Lawd, have mercy! I'se borned ten chilluns into dis world and dat ain't whar I carried 'em. If Marse Lawson and Miss Mallie will jest let me git back to old Mister-sippi whar things is carried on lak they wuz intended!"

In the midst of her soliloquy they saw a tiny reddish-brown face peep out from the blanket for a

breath of air and let out a very young and lusty yell.

Cindy swooned, fell back in the wagon and gasped, "Fo' Gawd, you's right, honey. Dar it is and Dr. Austin ain't no whar around."

The girls were shrieking so with laughter that the little papoose stopped its howling and ducked back into the warmth of its cocoon-like basket, and the squaw quietly unstrapped it and hung it high in the branches of a cedar tree while she busied herself with the needs of her wigwam.

CHAPTER XII

THE COUNTING of days gave way to the counting of hours, then to minutes, and Mallie and Lawson stood on the long, crude plankway that answered for a porch, straining eyes and ears for the first indication of the returning loved ones.

The fox hounds suddenly started baying and dashed by the porch and down through the marsh grass toward the wagonroad. But the coon dogs knew a short cut through the timberland and were the first to greet the happy travelers.

The weather was clear and beautiful, and joy reigned supreme in house and slave quarters, as each fought for his chance to talk and tell of the happenings en route.

New Year's night, and Mallie and Lawson sat by the bright embers alone except for Smut and Brownie, who snored with their long noses on the warm hearth-

stone. The children were tucked in after a hilarious day, and the candles were all put out in the Quarters. Problems had been quietly talked over and put aside until morning, and the two were just being thankful for the peace of mind that is known only when all members of a household are safely under the rooftree.

"I wonder why Brownie raised her head." said Mallie; "I heard no sound, did you?"

"No," answered her husband, "perhaps her nose was just too close to the fire."

As a low growl came from Smut, the two of them held their breath, for they knew then that something strange was abroad in the land.

The dogs got up, shook themselves, and sauntered over toward the window that looked back toward the slave quarters. But Lawson and Mallie sat quietly listening.

"Sounded like hoofbeats to me." And while they wondered and listened, a piercing shriek rent the air from the direction of Mammy and Hob's cabin.

Lawson grabbed a flare from the corner and, lighting it quickly from the coals, ran out into the night with Mallie at his heels.

"I seen him! I seen him! That old Injun — his ugly face a-peepin' in de winder. I tells you, Marse Lawson, it were dat old Mr. Injun," Mammy wailed.

Careful search showed no sign of him, but Mammy and Naomi were brought into the kitchen on pallets for the rest of the night.

"Just a bad dream, Cindy," Lawson tried to tell her, as the stirred-up household began to quiet down once more.

"Maybe so, Marster, but it sho' skeert me, till it made my hair run cold and my blood stand up on end."

Early next morning Mallie herself found the tracks

under the window and went a little white as she whispered to Mary, "These are not the prints of boots. They are moccasins."

CHAPTER XIII

RESTLESSNESS had invaded the Quarters because of the long discouraging rains, the failure of crops, lack of transportation for products when they were available and lack of a market to which to transport them.

Even Mallie (brave keeper of the hearth that she was) was becoming conscious of an ever present and increasing loneliness.

Naomi was moving around in a moon-eyed trance, and Mammy and Hob were less cheerful and courageous since the advent of the Indian brave.

Then suddenly he appeared — arrayed like nothing they had ever beheld before! He wore an aigret at the top of his braided hair, with a string of oak leaves hanging rakishly over his left ear; deeply fringed trousers, a bright red shirt, and a long bow and arrow completed his impressive get-up. Majestically, he swept through the woods and straight to the cabin of Hob and Mammy and Naomi. Then, with an awe-inspiring gesture, he threw a haunch of venison on the tiny porch.

William was returning from school with the medicine man, who interpreted the scene: "He want to take black girl for squaw."

All day the magnificent Comanche stayed around the ranch, working with the horses, telling the slaves

things about the soil, the effect of sun, moon and stars on the crops, the time of planting and of gathering in. Fascinated, the little boys were at his heels, listening intently, watching every move. Even Cindy drew in her claws a bit. By nightfall he had gone — as swiftly and mysteriously as he had come; but the glow of his spectacular visit lingered on.

When the wagons left in February to take the girls back to Chapel Hill, an impressive vanguard of Indians escorted them to almost within the shadow of the college. And they were waiting in the thick trees by the little ravine for the return trip.

By whatever token the council decreed, the Comanche "child of the sun" took unto himself the little black "child of the Mississippi cotton patch" as his lawful squaw. Naomi was not in the least abashed at the ceremonial and carried, with great pomp, the magnolia spray in one hand and the cornstalk in the other.

> "Boiled down," the marriage ceremony among the agricultural nations consisted of the exchange of symbolic tokens between principals. An ear of corn from the bride in earnest of the fact that she would cultivate the garden and cook the meals. The venison from the groom, as evidence of his determination to be a provident Nimrod — the council thus legalizing the affair.*

Whatever special dispensation of the council was made for the mixture of races was their own Indian business, and not inquired into. But suffice it to say that Big Chief Minnekata came proudly back to the Sabine settlement with heap fine squaw Naomi, bedecked in enough feathers, beads, earrings and doeskins to have outfitted a tribe for the warpath.

Mammy Cindy's observation when Marse Porter tried to comfort her with the explanation that Minnekata was civilized, was classically answered with:

---

* Mary Jourdan Atkinson, *Texas Indians.*

"Yassir, Marse William, he mought be civilized, but he sho gwiner hafter be 'niggerized'* befo' he gwiner be no good to dis fambly. What's more, Marster, gwiner hafter have some Mister-sippi Bible read ober his head 'fore I lets him pitch no tent roun' dis place."

And so it was. Poor little whitehaired, bent-shouldered Hob was commanded to come forth "wid de Bible" and, slightly shaking, he read some scripture "over the head" of the huge Indian, who towered above him like a giant in a story book.

But the kindly Indian, pathetic in his courtesy, alert, swift, cooperative, was an asset to the family from the start. Farming flourished under his skilled direction, and his knowledge of the laws of bird and beast was a liberal education to the wide-eyed children.

He fashioned for Naomi a spacious lodge of growing trees, interlocking the lower branches overhead for the roofing. He thatched it over with dried marsh grass, then encased the whole thing with securely thonged-together hides.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SMALL and potential Doctor William, who had thus far housed his animal clinic under everybody's feet, in the back shed room, or under the kitchen stove,

* "Nigger" was a word of their own coining and was used as a term of affection and endearment. By no means to be confused with "niggardly."

brought all his professional eloquence to bear in appealing to 'Nekata to build him a little wigwam for his invalids. (By this time Mammy Cindy had reduced Minnekata's name to 'Nekata, with the explanation that "nobody 'round here ain't got de time to call him all ob dat fancy name!") She joined heartily in William's plea, for she was "plum wore out jumpin' over dem rabbits and cats swarmin' all over" her nice clean kitchen floor. "Likely as not I'se gwiner stumble over er old alligator wid de bellyache some mornin' an den I'se gwine rat straight back home."

Truly, William's practice was increasing, so the clever little replica of Naomi's lodge was immediately put together. Dry, warm and comfortable, the ailing animals moved in, with plenty of space left for the newcomers. Well did the hunters know that anything on wing or foot, not shot to kill, would be dragged in, treated and healed, and made ready to wing-it, or foot-it again. Even old chanticleer had to have his wings lifted to keep them from trailing the ground; but the cause was from within his small, sad rooster breast, and no amount of Texas corn, nor feat of science, could reach that. Nothing but some Old Mississippi corn meal mash — thrown out the back door of Elm Grove — would do that any good, so they continued to droop.

Lawson Porter's own broad shoulders were becoming slightly stooped under the burden of increasing responsibility. He lived far outside the fantastic picture so often drawn of the "wealthy plantation owner," the "white-clad Colonel lolling on a broad veranda, sipping mint juleps all the time that he was not hilariously off on a fox hunt. The idle, jolly old fat man in broad white hat and flowing tie, sprawled in the shade of a tree with a long whip to lash out at slaves in

chains."* This threadbare characterization pattern of the larger slave owner was a far cry from the hard-working executive that he in truth was.

Up at dawn, directing, instructing, supervising, this man served as doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, as well as teacher and guardian of the sometimes hundreds of human lives under his administration and care. What they wore, what they ate, where and how they lived, was no concern of this happy-go-lucky race. That was solely Ole Marster's business.

On the well-ordered plantation stern discipline had to be maintained at all times, thereby sustaining the profound respect and adoration of slave for master. But unstinted praise for the job well done was always forthcoming, as were sympathy and understanding of their every problem. Although the rule stood — that the punishment must fit the crime — tolerance and justice were unstrained in the handling of their difficulties. This created a devotion between master and slave that has not had its equal in all of human relationships.

Illness in the Quarters was taken care of with the same expediency and thoroughness that it was in the master's own household. Often in the dead of night a faint light would be seen coming through the woods, and soon a tap on the side of the house, a frightened voice sobbing: "Marse William, our leastest li'l' boy he done chokin' mos' to death wid de misery in his chest. Ast Miss Mallie whut must us do!"

And before he had finished speaking, Miss Mallie would be out of bed, and in carpet slippers and warm wrapper, she would gather up the plantation "first aids" (mutton suet, turpentine, bacon rind, Epsom salts and mustard) and would be off for the cabin, where she battled with the "misery" till she licked it,

---

* Frederick Law Olmsted, *Journey Through the Slave States.*

and left only when the little black body relaxed and slept easily and comfortably in his mammy's arms.

CHAPTER XV

THERE WAS always one among them who stood as the voice of his people, the trusted, respected one who, by reason of his own superior qualities, had risen to leadership. Such a one was old Uncle Hob, who had asked that he might have also the name of his master, Lawson. And as such he was known — Lawson Hobson, a sort of Booker T. Washington of his time and community, and it was to this courteous slave that Mr. Porter talked freely of the plan to make more independent the Negro race. Hob, with his ability to read and write a little, his kindliness and sound advice, together with his religious training from his white folks, had automatically established himself as the pastor of a large flock.

Down on the creek bank below Elm Grove, Hob had founded the "meeting house" of his people. A wide stump was used for a pulpit, and a long tree that had fallen just in front of it served as the kneeling rail. With architectural magnificence, the walnut trees had built a cathedral arch overhead that sheltered the faithful band of worshippers from sun and rain. At this spot, as soon as Sunday dinner was out of the way, the congregation began to gather from miles around to hear Preacher Hobson hold forth till sundown. On baptizing Sundays, far into the night the melodious

hymns of their faith rose and fell in great waves through the Sunday stillness.

Small wonder it was that in this lonesome land of the Sabine there had crept into the Quarters of this small group that indefinable element of human undoing, that unseen force that can defeat an army, or destroy a principality, before which the strongest will power melts like snow in the sun, and against which there is no defense — HOMESICKNESS.

Slavery had become an economic problem around mid-century, the working percentage averaging about 50-50. The Porters were never known to sell a slave from his family, so the forty Negroes who had been brought on the Texas venture included both the too old and the too young to work. With all the mishaps that had befallen the scheme, the fires were burning low at Sabine, and both courage and food larders were running out.

CHAPTER XVI

ONE SULTRY SUNDAY in late August the settlers had gathered as usual for the service of prayer and song. The little chapel was breathlessly hot, and with much fanning and perspiring, they carried through to the usual hour of closing.

As they left the tight little building, strange gusts of cold wind struck them in the face. "What a queer sky," said one of the men. "Looks like rain. We'd better be hurrying toward home."

But the wind was intermittently blowing at gale force when the families reached their respective homesteads. 'Nekata stood like a statue, his head thrown back, watching the sky. "Storm King punish for wrongs — he spread black wings over earth."

Only those who have lived through a Texas coast hurricane can realize the full measure of dread and suspense felt by the settlers; for by afternoon, it was evident, without doubt, that the hurricane was entering the Sabine Pass.

'Nekata worked calmly, quickly, ever watchful of the sky. The thin, white smoke from the kitchen stove etched strange designs sideways, like the scrawl of a lead pencil on the slate gray of the thickening clouds. The Indian was superintending the stacking of tightly baled hay against possible cave-in of the riverbank, and leading the stock farther inland, as there was no higher ground. With this meager means of protection they watched and waited and prayed through the long, long hours of the night.

The hurricane struck around four in the morning with demon-like force, cutting its pathway straight, wide and merciless through the Sabine River country, leaving flat everything in its wake. Huddled against the haystacks, and braced against the bodies of the frightened animals, slaves worked to save master, and master to save slave, with equal effort.

The sturdy wigwam of Naomi and 'Nekata, firmly held by its living, growing timbers, stood, as did the little animal hospital; the dogs and chickens crouched in with animals and birds alike. Blinding rain fell in torrents, and by morning the great gusts of wind had leveled the last of the slave cabins. Fearful of the collapse of their own dwelling, 'Nekata, guided by the flashes of lightning, led the Porters to the refuge of his wigwam. Scarcely had they reached the spot when they heard, above the roar of wind and rain, the crashing of timbers that told them only too plainly that all that

had represented home to them in this wilderness was gone.

Wrapped in an abundance of deerskin robes, Mallie lay with Mittie clasped in her arms in the corner of the Indian tent, and from sheer exhaustion, slept. The storm had struck and gone its way. The wind had lulled, and a faint suggestion of light filtered through stripped limbs of the trees that were left standing, as the sun elbowed his way like a bargain hunter through the crowded clouds.

The call of a bewildered bird awakened the child in Mallie's arms. Drowsily a tiny hand reached up and patted her mother's cheek. "Wake up, Mamee; I think I hear a meadowlark. Oh, Mamee, I want to go home."

The meadowlarks of home! Oh, what a thought in the wake of a Texas hurricane. Mallie held the child close to her heart and, for the first time in the long, hard months, the indomitable courage gave way and the flood gates could no longer hold back the tears.

There is a fine line of discrimination to be drawn between the elements of courage and perseverance, and that of flying in the face of Providence. The recognition of divine guidance and warning, weighed against human stubbornness and determination, is a thing to ponder.

To give battle to disappointment, crop failure, heavy financial losses, childbirth, snakes, disease among the sheep and hurricanes, was one thing; but the meadowlarks singing in the fields of home was another. Lawson had seen and heard the heartbreaking little scene in the corner of the Indian tent. Gently he gathered mother and child into his great, strong embrace and whispered brokenly, "We are going back home."

CHAPTER XVII

STUNNED, but grateful for life itself, the valiant group took ownership of the first pale light of the morning, and started out on a tour of inspection and inventory. All they found intact of the house was the squatty old iron stove that had stood her ground through thick and thin, and that now, staunch and unharmed, towered head and shoulders above the wreckage. Hob found enough dry wood in the wigwam to start a fire, and soon the round, fat sides of the stove were red hot — a comforting sight in the dreary, disheveled morning after the storm had gone.

'Nekata watched the smoke rise white and straight and smiled as he saw it. "Smoke go straight up — danger all gone."

Mammy Cindy dug through the wet paste of the flour bin and found enough that was dry to "praise Gawd and stir up some hoecake." With the reinforcement of this, and coffee, boiled in a bent and twisted coffeepot, the little band started out, picking their way carefully through débris.

Hungrily, the dogs wandered about the strange scene, and each child sought out its own particular possession, interested to see what the hurricane had left of it.

Mary, who had worked shoulder to shoulder with the men through the night, found Lady safe, but badly frightened. William's kitten in splints, and bandaged rabbits, peered out from their cozy shelter, safe and unperturbed. The indestructible Smut and Brownie shivered and whimpered at Jimmie's feet. But Elias found only a few ridges and flattened-out green leaves of his treasured cotton patch.

Ever since his sturdy little legs could carry him, he

had been a "cotton man." He had trotted behind his adored "Uncle Hob" as he plowed the Mississippi fields, his tiny fists full of the seed that Hob always let him carry. He had taught him to plant it, to know it, and to love it. Often the sunlight would catch the glint of his golden head bobbing up among the red and blue head handkerchiefs and white sunbonnets of the cotton pickers; or at noon riding home fast asleep on the fluffy white wagonful, with Uncle Hob's big hat shading his eyes.

The little boy had grown in the knowledge of its leaf, its bloom, and its fluffy white boll, as he had grown in years and in stature. (Perhaps this had established and nourished the bond of friendship between these two. Very plainly, young Marster 'Lias was the favorite and particular charge of the faithful old slave.)

This boy had somehow always been "at league with" the good earth, and even in the difficult soil, his small square of land had been making an earnest effort to produce Texas cotton from Mississippi seed in the Sabine swamps.

Loss of this valued possession was disheartening enough, but when their father started for the sheepfold, all the children followed him. By this time they were somewhat prepared for the sickening sight that met their eyes. When the strong bars of their enclosure went down, the animals (so easily stampeded) had tried to cross the small ravine, which had suddenly become a swollen river; soaked and heavy with their full coats of wool, they had been knocked off their tiny feet and swept on down the stream by the swift current. In the low branches and forks of the trees they hung, limp and lifeless, like white garments draped across twigs to dry.

To this stalwart man and his young sons, the full

significance was brought home of the song of the Shepherd of the Judean hills, keeping watch over his flocks, as William Porter reverently repeated the tender lines of "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want . . . He leadeth me beside the STILL waters."

"Is that what it means, Father?" said 'Lias.

"Yes, my son. Their feet are so small, and their wool so heavy when it is wet, that the little creatures are helpless against a strong current. The water must be still, like lakes or small lagoons, near their pastures."

Silently, they turned and started back toward the home base, but 'Lias pondered long this beautiful Bible lesson, so vividly and pathetically unfolded before his eyes — this lesson that, some fifty years hence, another Elias was to give to a great class of five hundred business girls who gathered eagerly each Sunday morning at the old Central Baptist Church in Memphis, to hear the beloved teacher and philanthropist, Elias W. Porter, a handsome replica of his father.

The only semblance of the orderly settlement left was the sturdy little church, wedged protectively in a grove of larger trees, that for some strange reason had withstood the power of the elements, its slender steeple, the one symbol of hope that was left, pointing straight and triumphantly toward the skies.

The next few months at Sabine were spent in patching up, rebuilding after a fashion, and setting in order somewhat the shambles the storm had left in its wake.

It was not the policy of these strapping six-foot-three-and-four Porter men to desert a sinking ship, so for the sake of the neighboring settlers, who had brought their all to the West, they stayed on till living was re-established and normalcy prevailed once more.

CHAPTER XVIII

LATE NOVEMBER of 1848 found them pulling up stakes. Perhaps in later years the boys might come back and reclaim the twenty square miles of their land grant, so the deeds were carefully sealed up and given to sister Mary Buford for safekeeping.

"Now, wife," said Mr. Buford, "take good care of these deeds, as some day this Sabine country may come into its own, and if it ever does, our children will have more money than they'll know what to do with." "Wife" agreed perfectly with him, and just as promptly lost the deeds. She weepily said afterwards that they must have slipped out of her satchel in the excitement of the river crossing.

Misfortune again appeared when they looked back from far away over the marshes and discovered that Mittie's dog had been left on the Texas side of the river — a tiny black spot in the distance. They were too far along to stop now, as man and beast alike knew they were headed toward home, and there was no turning back.

Let us hope the ferryman took him home with him and that he lived to a ripe old age, plying the waters of the "Cypress River," not thinking of Mittie's wail that the "alligators would eat him." Anyway, William proudly offered the completely cured kitten for her adoption, which gesture, in a measure, consoled her. But our same little Mittie's great-grandchildren still cry over the forgotten puppy.

Naomi rode one of the mules. Fastened to the saddle in front of her was a deftly constructed white buckskin cradle, and inside its cozy nest of softest doeskin slept the wee Tecumseh. Following her, the noble Minnekata's pony — riderless.

From the land of endless prairies,
From the blue hills and the water,
Rode the sad-faced dark Naomi,
Rode the wee child of 'Nekata.

Only a few days before the departure, 'Nekata, in warpaint and full regalia, had been demonstrating to the boys some Comanche war ceremonial, riding a little too far beyond the boundaries where the kindly Indian was known and loved, too near the lines of the newly arrived settlers. Frightened out of their wits by the spectacle, they had fired point blank into the great, generous heart of the happy warrior.

The newcomers were heartsick over the terrific mistake when Elias and John rode up, their stricken expressions explaining all. Tenderly, with unrestrained tears pouring down their blanched, young faces, they fashioned a rude stretcher — as he himself had taught them how to do — and started home.

Late sunlight was flooding the river and 'Nekata turned his head to face it, his hand raised slightly as in salute. Gently, brokenly the words came, " 'Nekata, servant of the Sun God — through the smile of the Great Spirit — go to happy hunting ground."

Only then, did the full realization of General Houston's words come to them in their overwhelming significance:

> As a race, they have withered from the land — their arrows are broken and their springs are dried up. Their cabins are in dust. Their council fires have long since gone out on the shores and their war cry is fast dying away to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb the mountains and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide, which is pressing them away. They must soon hear the roar of the last wave that will settle over them forever.
>
> Ages hence, the inquisitive white, as he stands by some great city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed

remains and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators.

Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

CHAPTER XIX

THE CADDO INDIANS claimed their origin some several thousand years ago, through the cracks of the earth where the Hot Springs of Arkansas break through. The Comanches knew they were shot straight from the sun to the Western hills, so the Big Chief Minnekata, we could just as easily believe, was an offshoot of the bold and daring band of Comanches who invaded the territory of the Huaco Tribe, wiped out the defensive warriors and established temporary quarters in Marlin.

Far more romantic to accept than any mere geologist's analysis or explanation is the entirely plausible legend of the lanky old dog that the Indians left by the roadside to die a natural and mangy death. They had noticed a small trickle of water gently seeping through the mud where the dog lay. Next morning, instead of finding a dead dog in the ditch, they found one with eyes open, looking at them. The next day he raised his head. On the third day the Indians, a little puzzled, came again. By this time his body had dammed up the stream till he now lay completely and luxuriously submerged — all but his nose. He rose, barked a triumphant greeting, shook himself dry and trotted off behind them.

They were mystified as they saw the steam still rising, and one of the squaws went back, stuck her hand in the water and called out "*Minnekata,*" which translated means HOT WATER.

From then on the discovery of the hot mineral water brought people of all tribes, all colors and all stations of life to Marlin to camp on her bluebonnet hills, and bring their sick and wounded to the place of healing waters. The pilgrimage has kept steadily on through the years, and suffering humanity still comes by the hundreds from all corners of the globe.

On stretchers, and crutches, and mattresses thrown atop farm wagons, by horse and buggy, swank automobile, streamlined train, de luxe ambulance — they come to well-staffed clinics and perfectly equipped bathhouses. . . . Through underground connection with the modern and complete hotel, they have come for forty years to the tall distinguished doctor* who dispensed, along with a super knowledge of medical science, spoonfuls of homespun philosophy that made easier the going.

Still the water flows on and on from earth to tub at boiling point, and then, spent with well-doing, goes wearily, happily back into the earth whence it came, taking with it its cargo of pain, drawn from aching bodies and tired nerves.

---

* Dr. Neil Dugald Buie, M. D., F. A. C. P., Past President of the Federation of State Medical Boards of the U. S., who passed away February 9, 1918.

CHAPTER XX

THE HEAVY winter rains had set in, and stretches of road that were dust bowls coming over were now almost knee deep in mud and slush. Many times, during the long trek back to Mississippi, Jed, who was teamster of the heavy supply wagon and rode the near wheeler, had to bring the four powerful lead mules up and drag each wagon through the loblolly to firm ground.

But one fine day there was an end to all of this, and the little hills of home came in sight. As the ground grew more familiar, the speed of the caravan unconsciously picked up, swinging the heavy wagons dizzily around the turns. Pots, pans and skillets broke loose from their moorings and clattered and banged around at will; while above the shouting, singing voices of the Negroes, Uncle Hob, swinging back on the reins (more for his own balance than from any effort to hold back the teams), was dealing out snatches of his famous sermon on "the return of the Hebrew chillun to de promised land."

Lawson, a bit worried over the break-neck pace that was gaining with every mile, sent John racing ahead to catch up with Hob and slow the old rascal down. He'd kill everybody yet, before they got home! John finally rode up beside him and shouted his father's orders, but, over the slam-bang rattle and roar, old Hob — his mouth spread in a grin that reached from ear to ear — yelled back, "Young Marster, tell yo' Pa he gwiner hafter talk dat ober wid de mules, 'cause I ain't got nuthin' to do wid it — I'se jes' er holdin' on."

A great rushing of wings swept up from the treetops as the caravan turned into the dear familiar home road, and the winter visitors from the frozen North-

lands took leave of their heretofore undisturbed quarters. With Nashville the migratory center of the birds, the plantation groves always got their share of the winged sojourners until the January snows drove them farther south. The quiet of Elm Grove had proven a sanctuary, and now in great waves they rose, circled three times, then headed south, and far into the distance could be heard lilting notes from feathered throats, singing back their "thank you" for this Southern hospitality.

But the exquisite cadence of the wood thrush and the cooing of doves under the eaves of the house still remained. The meadowlarks were singing in the fields.

The chanticleer (an old man rooster when he left Sabine) wobbled stiffly from the dark imprisonment of his hated crate, lifted what was left of his mildewed wings and crowed convincingly of the dawn of a new day, though the long shafts of the winter sunset slanted through the neglected gardens.

Like a little brown hen who had stolen her nest in a faraway place, and marched home with a duckling trailing her, Naomi was proudly displaying her Indian baby, with its straight, black hair and high cheekbones, to the welcoming band of slaves who had manned the plantation in their absence. With the great tears rolling down her face, she told the pitiful little story of its big fine Injun "Pappy" and how the white folks "done kilt him 'thout meanin' to."

"All things come home at eventide, like birds aweary of their roaming." It was journey's end to the wanderers, and Elm Grove held out her leafy arms and gathered them in.

CHAPTER XXI

THROUGH the cold, slow drizzle of a bleak January day, a long, white side-wheeler cotton boat, her two tall smoke stacks pouring out billows of black, was pushing against the mighty current of the Mississippi, loaded to the guards. She was stopping (by signal) to gather up the loose cotton in huge baskets from the various plantations that were shipping to the Memphis warehouses. Going upstream was slow, and it took several long months to get from the "deep delta country" to the Bluff City.

The wind was raw and the Captain drew his muffler close around his throat as, from the lookout, he scanned the icy waters for dangerous driftwood coming down now from the upper states. Since the usual stops had been made and it was not likely now that any more would be necessary this close to their destination, the Captain had somewhat ceased his scanning of the river banks in order to watch more carefully the treacherous midstream débris that made their progress so difficult.

A deck hand tightening the ropes on a section of the cargo first discovered the white fluttering cloth on the Mississippi side of the levee and called the Captain's attention to it.

He focused his long telescope and said, "Yes, there is someone waving frantically, a group of people; and there are children, too, but I see no cotton." However, he gave the signal to stop, stewing and fussing all the while over the delay. The heavy boat churned the muddy waters in the effort to slow down and turn quickly enough from midstream to make the landing.

As they drew nearer, the Captain was shouting to the figures on land. "This is no passenger boat, sir;

this is a cotton boat. We do not stop to take on passengers."

It was Mammy's deep, pleading voice that reached his ears across the water, "In Jesus' name, Marse Cap'n . . . in Jesus' name, come and git us!"

The boat scraped against the willow trees, and the slaves caught the rope and drew it in. Quickly the deck hands threw down the gangplank, as the Captain had seen the slight figure wrapped in blankets lying on the cot.

Lawson met the Captain with the simple words, "My wife is dying."

Tenderly the slaves carried the cot aboard, the bewildered family following.

The Captain had them put her in his own cabin and ordered "full speed ahead."

Mallie had known her hour was near and had so piteously begged to be taken home to Memphis to her mother and her doctor father that Lawson had made a try for it, and the boat was the only way. Mallie raised her hand and smiled her gratitude to the Captain, who had forgotten the driftwood and sent his boat plunging ahead like a mad thing in this race with death.

The big red bluffs were in sight when Mammy heard a little cry from the cot. Only the faithful slave and Mary were with her when the baby was born. Mittie and the frightened little boys waited at their father's side by the door of the cabin. Cindy leaned over and cradled the beautiful head of her mistress in her arms. "Honey lamb, you'se in Memphis now, darlin'. I see yo ma and pa on de landin' waitin' fer yo, lamb; you'se got home, honey lamb." And Mallie smiled in the assurance of that fact and closed her eyes; truly she was at home.

The Captain himself went ashore with the terrible

news to the waiting parents, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Gillespie, before the slaves descended the gangplank with their precious burden.

Baby Joseph followed his mother in death just one month later, and the stricken family returned home without the beloved mistress of Elm Grove. On the lovely shoulders of fourteen-year-old Mary Young Porter fell the responsibility of the household.

CHAPTER XXII

ABOUT the time that Sir Joseph Porter left the ancestral acres in County Kent, England, to sail the ocean blue for America, and his brother Alexander had taken up residence in Ireland, another ship was weighing anchor for the new country across the Atlantic. It was not the *Mayflower,* good ship that she was, for had all the early Americans who claim that distinction "come over on the *Mayflower,*" she would have been like unto the Hoboken Ferry on the Fourth of July. But the ship *Safety* was a seaworthy barque and doubtless an imposing sight as she steamed pompously away from the shores of England in the year 1634, loaded to the guards with her one hundred and forty-four passengers, besides the crew and the genial ship's master, John Grant.

Sir Joseph landed in Massachusetts and (by way of Pennsylvania for a short while) made straight for the Old Dominion (called Virginia later on by the Virgin Queen Elizabeth, herself). There they lived, still un-

der the Crown, till young grandson Joseph, with his wife and sons, started out to see what lay beyond the never-ending ridges of blue, blue mountains that encircled the Valley of the Shenandoah.

So they started crawling down the continent toward middle Tennessee . . . just another square in the overall pattern of early Americanism . . . just one more little family in a covered wagon, drawn by four stout oxen, headed for whatever part they were to play in the building of a nation.

Somewhere in the midst of this broad, uncharted sea of land, toward the close of a rocky, stumbling, thirsty day, another "prairie schooner" sailed up beside the Porters, and the courteous voice of the stranger called:

"Sir, may we camp near you for the night? The countryside is vast and lonely and our party is small."

"Indeed, sir, we shall be pleased to avail ourselves of your companionship, as we shall doubtless prove protection for each other. My name, sir, is Joseph of the house of Porter, in Lincolnshire, and County Kent."

The stranger held out his hand. "And my name is Hobson, sir, also from the County Kent." And so, thousands of miles from the homeland, neighbors clasped hands in the New World.

As they traveled, the friendship grew and prospered to such extent that they decided to settle near each other near the center of Tennessee.

Out of the Hobson wagon there peered a winsome black-haired, black-eyed girl called Mary; and assisting his father in the duties of the other wagon train was the tall, blond and smiling John Porter.

From the Church of England, by way of Aldersgate and John Wesley, the Hobsons had taken the broad way of Methodism. It was a branch of the church that, in order to reach out into the far corners and es-

tablish itself in the wild wood had, of necessity, shed its traditional robes of formality and learned to use the arching of stately trees for its cathedral dome, and the clear, cool streams of water that sparkled in the open sunlight for its baptismal fount.

So, through the long, long trailing down the continent, whenever the Sabbath Day rolled around, it was remembered, and kept holy. Whether it was near the grateful shelter of a grove, or in the middle of the scorching trail, these two families knelt on the hard ground, often in the shadow of the big wagons, a pile of stones or a sack of potatoes for an altar.

Soon after the arrival in Tennessee, Mary Hobson and John Porter were married, and with Mary came Methodism into this erstwhile Presbyterian clan. Alexander Porter,* the way-back-yonder Sir Joseph's brother, was a Presbyterian minister, brilliant lecturer, and writer of just too much liberality and freedom. He was keen, determined and possessed the courage of his convictions. By order of the Crown, this great man, accused of stirring up the Irish Rebellion, was arrested, convicted, and executed. The order had been that he "be shot and quartered," but for some magnanimous reason they relented on the latter and just merely and graciously shot him on the little green knoll within sight of his church.

. . . .

Fourteen-year-old grandson Alexander came to America and to his father's people in middle Tennessee. But there was always a feeling of resentment in the heart of the little Irish immigrant for that part of the family, because they remained loyal to the Crown, in spite of the religious persecution of Alexander's grandfather. So the boy drifted out on his own, and made splendid friends, finally to land in New Orleans,

---

* W. W. Stephenson, *Alexander Porter, Whig Planter of Old Louisiana.*

where he achieved much prominence in political and social circles. Retiring from politics, he built the stately Oak Lawn at Irish Bend on Bayou Tech.

Oak Lawn Manor was inherited by James Porter, Alexander Porter's brother, and later taken over by the Franklin Sugarcane Industries, from whom Clyde P. Barbour purchased it. This magnificent property at Irish Bend on Bayou Tech (in those days the only highway through Louisiana's swamplands) had been the boyhood dream of little Clyde ever since the tiny boy first saw it from his perch atop a big coil of rope on a river barge. "Some day I'm going to buy that place," he declared, and then and there hitched his wagon to a star that led him through ups and downs to the comfortable fortune that brought to fruition the dream of his young life.

The lovely estate, truly one of Louisiana's most prized showplaces, is still occupied by Mrs. Barbour and her daughter, Lucile Barbour Holmes.

CHAPTER XXIII

IN THE MEANWHILE, the genial John Grant had put his good ship *Safety* into port at Braintree, Massachusetts, on August 10, 1635.

Among the one hundred and forty-four passengers that filed down the gangplank, loaded down with high hopes and big bundles, was a young man of twenty-one years, by the name of John Perin, of London, England, descendant of Perin of Ashby de la Touche.

Also on the ship's roster were the names of several young women by the name of Ann, one of whom John Perin married, and with Dr. Samuel Newman and his church, founded the town, which they called Rehoboth, Massachusetts. There they lived, and ultimately had their names cut in little stones that still stand in the quiet old "burying ground" at Rehoboth:

John Perin — born 1614 — died September 13, 1674

Ann Perin — born 1618 — died March 11, 1688

But the five children of this marriage scattered themselves and their offspring generously around New York, Minnesota, Massachusetts and Ohio. In the eighth generation of these Perins, on the steps of the Cincinnati law school, stood one Franklin Perin, graduate with honors, clutching in one hand his diploma (duly signed by the college President, Wm. H. McGuffey, Timothy Walker, Professor of Law, and the Board of Examiners); in the other, his transportation by boat and whatnot, for the Port of New Orleans.

Through all the years of his legal schooling this youngster had followed and studied the fascinating procedure of the stupendous lawsuit of a lone woman, Myra Clark Gaines, against the very heart of the Queen City of the South.

Complicated, intriguing, spectacular — the suit was "rocking the nation," and young Franklin had read every line of its structure, every new turn or testimony that he could get his hands on. Merely to live on the fringes of such a legal enormity would be the furthering and broadening of his education. He was leaving his eight brothers and sisters, his parents and various aunts and uncles in a mild state of hysterics, or else going into a definite decline over his departure.

The breaking of this long Yankee tribal chain by the bold and dangerous venture of young Franklin

into the frightful South was unthinkable. Only his sister Mary, who had married George B. Sargent and gone to Duluth, Minnesota, to live, had any sympathy whatever with the move. It was, to her, bordering on the GREAT in adventure, and she secretly dreamed of one time visiting her brother in that turbulent and exotic city, "were he not lost in the swamps and consumed by alligators, or destroyed by mosquitoes!"

None of these gloomy predictions came to pass, however, and New Orleans — his dream city — soon lay before his eyes, in all of her Old World charm. Franklin Perin was folded into her mysticism with the same old magic that casts its spell over every human being who ever lived within the points of the Crescent.

It was not until the carefully inscribed letter of recommendation was presented to Judge James Malcolm Smiley that he put down roots that were to be firm, strong and perpetual in this land of his choice. The partnership of Smiley & Perin was established with offices at 44 Camp Street, and the brilliant young Yankee began to make his presence known.

New Orleans was a ripe field for lawyers to harvest about that time, and Perin got more than his share, by right of his fearless nature, magnificent appearance and great passion for justice, coupled with a sound technical knowledge of the law. But there was Louisiana law to learn, Napoleonic code to master, the French language to perfect, as well as a decided need of Spanish. All this the young partner of the highly esteemed Judge Smiley thoroughly realized, and he "bided his time."

In 1846, the big red seal of the State of Louisiana was stamped by Governor Isaac Johnson on the document which appointed this "Franklin Perin (by and with the advice and consent of the Senate) District Attorney of the Third Judicial District of the State

of Louisiana . . . on the third day of June . . . in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, and in the year of the Independence of the United States of America, the seventieth."

Over her morning coffee and the New Orleans *Sun*, in the elegant suite at the St. Charles Hotel, Mrs. Edmund Pendleton Gaines' eagle (as well as legal) eye, lit upon the paragraph announcing the appointment of the District Attorney.

"General," she called excitedly, as her distinguished husband entered the room, "look."

"And what is it, my dear?" he smilingly said, as he took the paper from her hand, "a bank robbery, or murder in the French Quarter?"

"Oh, General, of far greater importance: a new legal light is shining brightly in the offing."

"Your meat, my darling; shall I go and have him brought to you for consultation?"

"Not yet, I think, dear husband; he is in the employ of the city, but I shall watch his every move."

That she truly did, and when his term of office had expired, on a memorable morning, Franklin Perin was invited to the St. Charles Hotel and escorted into the presence of THE MIGHTY MYRA.

CHAPTER XXIV

WILLIAM GLOVER AUSTIN was born in Somerset County, Maryland. He was the son of the late lamented Dr. John Austin of London County, Virginia, a man who achieved wide prominence in the sciences.

William Glover was educated at Kenyon College, Ohio, under the care and protection of Joseph Wilmer, who later became Episcopal Bishop of Louisiana and lifelong friend of the doctor.

Graduated in medicine in 1836 at the Washington University of Baltimore, Maryland (Baltimore College of Physicians & Surgeons), he came South that same year and for three years practiced in Yazoo County, Mississippi. Then he crossed over to Bayou Sara in Louisiana and continued his practice in the state, especially in New Orleans and at his coast estate in Old Biloxi.

In 1839 he married Martha E. Porter, then living in Mississippi, but of a notable family in Giles County, Tennessee. She was a niece of Colonel Thomas C. Porter, who was Collector of the Port of New Orleans during President Pierce's administration.

One of the most beloved and prominent of New Orleans physicians and considered her greatest expert in yellow fever history, Dr. Austin had earned the dramatic title of "the last chance doctor."

It was he who first tried out the experiment of working under a huge net hung from the ceiling, enclosing both doctor and patient; he thereby laid the foundation for the trapping of the carrier mosquito and the ultimate elimination of the terrific plague.

Safely back from the Texas interlude, where he had been called to Galveston to confer with her medical men in their effort to handle the fearful "Yellowjack," the young doctor, Martha, his wife, young daughter Martha, and son J. Edward Austin, saddened by the loss of Mallie, brought constant pressure to bear on Lawson Porter to bring the children to the city where their adored "Aunty Austin" could mother them.

Plantation duties were growing too heavy for the slender daughter, and little Mittie spent most of the time with the Austins, anyway, since the faithful Cindy's death.

Dr. Austin was appointed on the Board of Health and was soon put in as secretary-treasurer and superintendent of Charity Hospital; all in all, the voice of New Orleans was calling loudly to the Porters of Elm Grove. This siren of a city, with her high French heels and her Spanish Lace mantillas, was beckoning to the prowling pioneers with all the lure and charm of a Gypsy Queen.

Thus, from the shores of England, by way of Massachusetts, the Old Dominion, middle Tennessee, Mississippi, and Texas, they finally ceased their inquisitive explorations and settled definitely in New Orleans.

They purchased the handsome home, just above the city, where, elegantly ensconced, the family stepped into the middle of the gay social whirl of 1850-60. Meanwhile, at Cold Water, Mississippi, Elm Grove Plantation flourished and prospered with the purchase of fifty new slaves of "strong backs and good health," and airily paid the bills.

CHAPTER XXV

MRS. AUSTIN and the faithful Naomi were kept busy in the selection of materials and the supervision of seamstresses, who were fashioning gowns appropriate for each reception, ball or soirée which launched the two young ladies, Daughter Martha and Niece Mary, on their brilliant social careers.

For daily rides on the milk-white horse, Mary

Young usually wore a black velvet riding habit with a close-fitting plumed derby, or one of Hunter's green along Gainsborough lines. Elias and John, when on vacation from Jefferson College in Natchez, were always along, and behind them, at a respectful distance, rode the ever present slave, conscious to the last bone in his body of the honor of serving as escort and groom for his young mistress and the young marsters.

The gentle bearing and serenity of this slender, dignified young girl were in delightful contrast to her expert horsemanship. She rode like the wind when she reached the bayou road, safely away from the eyes of the city. The sweep of the open prairie and the smell of the Texas wild flowers seemed somehow to have lingered in the bloodstream of both girl and sensitive animal.

When they reached the open road, a little pat on her horse's neck and a whispered "Skim over the heads of the bluebonnets, Lady," would send them away like a long, white streak in the early morning sunlight.

On one of these breath-taking escapades, a tall, sad stranger was conscious of a blur of green and white that passed him by on the road and left him dazed and dusty, staring after the fast disappearing flashes of horses' hoofs. Not daring to follow, he drew rein and waited till he saw her returning.

The boys and the slave fell into line, not approving the terrific speed, but Franklin Perin saw only the girl — with all the freshness of the morning in her laughing eyes, so deep-set and so blue. Her hair was down and fell in the softest of brown waves about her shoulders. He heard her laughter ring through the quiet morning, and his heart stood still.

He had ridden early from the confusion and noise of the city to the quiet of Bayou Road, to think undisturbed through some new turns and angles of the Gaines litigation. But suddenly the now prominent

young attorney forgot Mrs. Gaines and her claims, and was following, at a safe distance, the hoofprints of a certain Tennessee walking horse.

Three years before this fateful morning, Franklin Perin had been left a widower with three small children, a fact that closed for him any interest in the social life of the city. He had thrown himself feverishly and exhaustively into his work, allowing the Myra Clark Gaines Case to absorb him completely.

But now, the strange and overwhelming spell of this girl had taken possession of his senses.

It was not hard to find out who the lovely rider was. At the mention of the name, and "Dr. Will Austin's niece," Franklin Perin remembered instantly an invitation which, with all the others in the last three years, had been answered "With Regrets."

Out of the orderly file marked "Invitations," he drew the one his eyes and his heart were seeking:

Dr. & Mrs. William Glover Austin
request the pleasure of your company,
at a reception and ball
honoring their daughter
MARTHA PORTER AUSTIN,
and their niece
MARY YOUNG PORTER,
at the St. Charles Hotel,
on the evening of November 7, 1854.
R. S. V. P.

There was nothing coy about the way he made straight for Dr. Austin's home. There, after an in-

terminable wait, he was finally ushered into the private office in the corner of the big yard.

With the straightforward honesty and hatred of sham and pretense that characterized this man throughout his life, he held out his hand, and without hesitant preliminaries, said:

"Dr. Austin, I have seen your niece, and have come to beg you to allow me to withdraw my 'regrets' sent you by messenger only yesterday, and to permit me to accept your gracious invitation — that I might again set eyes on this loveliest of women."

CHAPTER XXVI

MARY YOUNG PORTER sat before the long panel mirror of her dresser, the prisms of the Napoleonic candelabra sparkling like myriads of diamonds as the light from the long, slender tapers threw into relief her beautiful features.

Monsieur André, the diminutive French hairdresser, stood on the little stool he always required to dress Mary's hair, as she was very tall and of queenly bearing for one so young. And now he was brushing high the long brown tresses, piling up high soft puffs, threading strands of her own hair through long, wooden bodkins in order to sew securely into place each lovely line of the coiffure.

Finally came the delicate interweaving of long strings of tiny seed pearls, and the little Frenchman climbed down, surveyed with reverence his handiwork,

and with the soulfulness and satisfaction with which any artist views the completion of his artistry, he bowed low and murmured:

"C'est fini — C'est perfection."

Mittie, in worshipful admiration, sat silently in the far corner of the room, watching the soft folds of creamy satin shine in the candlelight as Naomi fastened the gown, removed the combing jacket, and the perfectly moulded shoulders and throat rose above billowy ruffles. Over it all, she wore the long, triangular black lace shawl, as delicate and fragile as though it were the work of elfin weavers.

Dr. Austin was in his element, and the picture of the handsome doctor, the exquisite daughter Martha (one of the acknowledged belles of New Orleans for many years), and the lovely niece, Mary Young Porter, was one to be long remembered.

CHAPTER XXVII

WHEN, in the long, long line of callers, Franklin Perin appeared, he was presented to the girls in the same formal manner as all the others were. They had no inkling of what had taken place in the Doctor's office a few days before. There was just a faint smile of understanding between the two men as Franklin Perin bowed and pressed his lips — perhaps a little too fervently — to the slender white hand which at long last he held in his own.

In the full swing of the brilliant affair, Dr. Austin

suddenly was aware of a tugging at his coattails from behind the palms. Turning his head, he saw Mary motioning to him. Quickly she slipped her arm around his neck and pulled him down to whisper in his ear:

"Uncle Will, this Mr. Perin has asked to call; will you talk to Pa?"

With a sly wink, this unintentional Cupid melted innocently back into the crowd, guiltily wondering what he had done.

That night as Mary lay wide-eyed and sleepless, retracing every step of the brilliance and beauty of the party, the music still ringing in her ears, it was, after all, the memory of the dark-haired, handsome Gaines-Case attorney that lingered on through the hours.

The meeting was in Uncle Will's office, and poor Franklin Perin was doubtless made to account for not only his own lineage, but also that of everybody else who came over on the ship *Safety*, two hundred years before, and for what station they occupied in England prior to sailing to America, before he was permitted to call on Mary.

CHAPTER XXVIII

In 1855, the Gaines Case was riding high. Myra and her litigation had become a national sensation — a case involving something like $50,000,000 and half of the city of New Orleans naturally would be so. Court records were piling up; the case had been carried to the United States Supreme Court ten times. The greatest lawyers of the 19th century were either for or against

Myra. New Orleans alternately bowed down to and ridiculed this red-haired dynamo who had the courage of her convictions. The great inheritance that hung upon the fact of her legitimacy and a stolen will was a plum not to be snatched away from the clever partners of Daniel Clark, who had fought and schemed through the years to keep secure their own share and that of those whom they represented.

The case had raged like a prairie fire throughout the nation by now, and it was with misgivings that the name of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines was placed on the invitation list that was being prepared for the wedding of Mary Young Porter and Franklin Perin.

Lawson and Aunty Austin had only one objection to the marriage — the discrepancy in years, as Perin was eighteen years older than Mary, and the burden of three stepchildren seemed more than a nineteen-year-old girl should undertake. But with courtly bearing and great charm he won the family, pressing his suit with steady determination and an absolute worship of this girl, so carefully and tenderly reared.

And now that Franklin, with the assistance of the genial Dr. Austin, had overcome all objections, plans were quickly made for the beautiful wedding on June 14, 1855, at Old Felicity Church.

Lawson wanted this to be Mary's own night, and according to her own dream of her wedding. Therefore, the thought of the usual sensation which Mrs. Gaines seemed to take along with her wherever she moved caused him to hesitate for a moment in the addressing of that particular invitation. But, General Gaines himself had been too close a friend of Dr. Austin, and the mutual ties between General Gaines, the Porter family and General Sam Houston waived the fears of a possible display and Mrs. Gaines attended the wedding of one of New Orleans' most beautiful

girls and the one lawyer whom Mrs. Gaines claimed to be "the best friend she had ever had — the lawyer who stood by her to the very end of his life and achieved, ultimately, more genuine success for her than any other of the thirty big legal lights of the nation."

Martha Austin was her cousin's maid of honor, and the wedding moved smoothly, beautifully, to its happy Lohengrin recessional.

On this evening, only natural admiration was shown for the striking figure of the tiny, vivacious little Myra, as she had too much of the remarkable intelligence and poise of her father to forget, ever, the eternal fitness of things. (She staged her show in places where it was to her own advantage.)

Franklin Perin had legal business to see after in Washington, so the honeymoon was spent in the Nation's Capital.

Immediately upon his return, he found the Greenville Plantation, home of his partner, Judge Smiley, for sale. He and Mary had so loved this home in its magnificent setting — the great avenue of ancient oaks leading up to the white-columned colonial home. So he at once closed the deal for it, and the deeds were placed in his strong box in the Canal Bank.

CHAPTER XXIX

IN THE NEXT FIVE YEARS of happy living, much was taking place in the development of the Gaines Case, and much was quietly uncovered in the mysterious angles of it.

Mary was proving an adored stepmother to the three little ones she had fallen heir to by her marriage to their father. Charles, Mary Ellen, and Clyde were gradually losing the unhappy, lost little look that somehow always lies in the eyes of motherless children.

Franklin Perin had finally won the long, bitter fight for their right to their mother's share of the great McMicken Estate in Cincinnati, and life was running in pleasant pastures for the House of Perin.

On May 10, 1856, Mary's first child was born — little Louisa, so named for the baby sister Mittie (Minnie Louisa); and in 1858, the precious baby came whom they called Lydia Rachel, for Franklin's mother and Mary's mother.

The long, weary pilgrimages through the French Quarter in search of certain evidence bearing on the Gaines Case were fast becoming a source of great anxiety to Mary Perin, who restlessly paced the floor as night came on, and Mr. Perin was later than usual.

Early upon his entrance into the case Franklin Perin had won the confidence of Myra's mother, Zulime, and certain facts were clearing; but after the interviews with this strange woman, he was more baffled than ever as to the advisability of putting her on the stand. Mr. Perin found her a broken, bewildered woman, older than her years, possessing all the pathetic signs of an aging woman who had drunk too deeply of life, depending solely upon physical charm for her equipment. There were no backlogs of intelligence, culture or talent. Few traces remained of the overwhelming beauty of face and body of the Lorelei whose siren call had lured Daniel Clark to the rocks. She could scarcely read or write English, and it became more evident with each conversation that her sister was the cunning manager of Zulime's affairs and, with the assistance of DeGrange (the wineseller to whom Zulime was married), sought to make them pay off to the advantage of the family.

Thus, there was the framed-up trip to Philadelphia in 1802. *Enceinté* with the child of DeGrange, Zulime sought the old familiar way (Hollywood has a name for it), and it worked.

It frightened Clark into giving her huge sums of money for her silence, and a fine home in Philadelphia, where the child Caroline was born.

In the meanwhile, the mysterious disappearance of DeGrange smacked vaguely of a goodly share of Clark's money having influenced him to depart.

Innocent as Daniel Clark was in this case, rumors of his love affair with the French woman followed him to the East so, conveniently, he allowed business affairs to call him South again, and after a year Zulime followed him to New Orleans, where the old infatuation for this woman took possession of him again.

Daniel's mother, Mrs. Mary Clark, for reasons of protecting her son's political career, kept the child Caroline in Philadelphia.

Zulime had told Franklin Perin in her broken sentences, which he patched together, of how a ceremony was hurriedly performed when Daniel Clark, enraged, became aware that she was to have another child. He knew this child was to be his, and the great fear of branding his own with birth out of wedlock led him to hurry the woman to an officer of the court. This brief ceremony, she was told, was temporarily binding, but not to be acknowledged nor accepted by society till the later and real marriage occurred publicly.

Zulime had seen a man standing in the shadows of the building as she entered, with her cape drawn closely around her. Quickly into the magistrate's presence they were ushered, where Daniel Clark had made arrangements for the clandestine marriage.

Intent upon the privacy of this event, he had not seen the figure across in the shadow of the building; and Zulime had thought nothing of it — men had

stared at her all her glamorous life. So, with her usual charming stupidity, she never had mentioned the fact that Relf had seen the whole affair.

But Relf kept his own counsel and never admitted or intimated that he knew of this marriage. Daniel Clark (still thinking no human being knew, except the magistrate, whose fee for silence about this ceremony ran into four figures) kept his handsome head in the sand like an ostrich and explained to himself that the discrepancy in months would never be checked in years to come, for the signed paper in the magistrate's office was to be forever undated and kept, not in public files, but in the private papers of said magistrate, to be used for proof if ever necessary.

Thus, in the stormy fight through the years, each side of the controversy feared the appearance of Zulime as the one witness who could substantiate, one way or another, the big issue at stake. Relf and Chew (Clark's former partners and friends) were afraid that Zulime would tell the truth, and Smiley and Perin were afraid she would not. This silent battle lasted to the last long hour, and neither side told. Zulime was unpredictable, unstable and easily confused; otherwise, she might have closed the long-drawn-out mystery, and Myra would have quietly claimed New Orleans and everything for miles around.

Perhaps the whole affair might have been folded into the silent tomb in old St. Louis Cemetery, with the great heart of the truly great man, just as it had been planned. But somehow, frail humanity has never accepted the fact — as unmovable and unfailing as sunrise — that "There are no secrets."*

---

* Because of the shadowy evidence and the mysterious angles of the Gaines Case, a question mark could easily follow many statements made in the preceding comment. Myra's story is sketched here, however, just as it was handed down through generations from one who lived and died close to the heart of the Gaines Case. — A.C.P.

CHAPTER XXX

DURING the fiery period around 1854, Mrs. Gaines, in order to clarify her own mind and make a bit more understandable to the general public just where the case stood, had called upon her counsel to publish the exact position of the Gaines Case in book form. This small volume, with Franklin Perin and Justice Campbell as co-authors, appeared as:*

THE

PRESENT POSITION OF MRS. GAINES' CLAIM

TO THE

ESTATE OF HER FATHER, DANIEL CLARK.

NEW ORLEANS, July 8th, 1854.

We have been called upon by Mrs. Gaines, to give our opinions in reference to her present position, and her prospects in claiming the estate of her father, Daniel Clark.

She is about to set up the will of 1813, made in her favor. The questions arising under this will, have never been passed upon; and she is now free to pursue her rights under it, unaffected by the proceedings or judgment on her claim, as heir at law. The will is not now in existence; but a lost will may be established as well as any other lost instrument.

The witnesses, we consider sufficient, in number and respectability; and we anticipate no difficulty in getting it proved and its execution ordered. We have every confidence that Mrs. Gaines will succeed in reclaiming an estate of which she has been so long deprived, and her position in life become what was so anxiously desired by her father.

EDMOND S. GOOLD, J. M. SMILEY,
WM. S. STANSBURY, F. PERIN.
WARREN MOISE, P. E. BONFORD.

* Punctuation and spelling have been retained as in photostatic copy of the original. — A. C. P.

The history of Mrs. Gaines' claim, and of the judicial proceedings in regard to it, will, it is believed, hereafter be considered one of the most extraordinary, as well as the most interesting, in the annals of American jurisprudence; and, as was well remarked by Judge Wayne in giving his opinion, "the case itself presents thought for our philosophy in its contemplation of all the business and domestic relations of life; it shows the hollowness of those friendships formed between persons, in the greediness of gain; it shows how a mistaken confidence given to others by a man who dies rich, may be the cause of diverting his estate, and depriving his family of their inheritance. We learn from it that long-continued favors may not be followed by any sympathy from those who receive them, for those who are dearest to our affections; and it shows, if the ruffian takes life for the purse which he robs, that a dying man's agonies, soothed only by tears and prayers for the happiness of a child, may not arrest a fraudulent attempt to filch from her her name and fortune."

Such has been Mrs. Gaines' bitter experience in the conduct of those who, under the mask of friendship, obtained her father's confidence, received his favors, and lived upon his bounty; and who, the moment that father died, instead of cherishing the child of his affections, bent all their efforts to rob that child of her inheritance. But it is not intended to attempt that history here, (a volume would hardly be sufficient for that object,) but merely to show the present position of Mrs. G.'s claim to the vast fortune her father designed for her, and whose belief that he had secured it to her, consoled his last moments on earth and smoothed his passage to the grave.

Some misapprehension seems to have prevailed in respect to Mrs. Gaines' claim, arising from the two diverse descisions [sic] of the Supreme Court of the United States in regard to it; but a short explanation will suffice to show, that her present plan for obtaining her just rights is not at all embarrassed by those descisions [sic], and their only effect is, to compel her to resort to a different tribunal.

It is well known, and the proceedings in the two suits alluded to clearly show, that when Mrs. Gaines filed her bill in the United States Court, she assumed the position that she was the sole heir-at-law of her father, and also that she was devisee of his estate under a will made by him in 1813, shortly previous to his death; which will, it is alleged, had been taken possession of by his Executors, named in a former will of Mr. Clark, and was by them destroyed. The

said Executors were made parties to the said bill, and instead of answering, demurred to the same on various grounds; among others, that the United States Court had not jurisdiction in regard to lost or spoliated wills; and that "the Court of Probates was the proper and necessary forum in which to originate proceedings in such cases." The Court so decided; and the bill was therefore so amended as to withdraw from the decision of the Court, the validity of the will of 1813, and the cause proceeded solely on the ground of heirship. The first decision of the Supreme Court of the United States fully recognized Mrs. Gaines' rights as sole heir of Daniel Clark, and did adjudge, order, and decree accordingly. But that suit, owing to all the other defendants having demurred to the bill, only affected the property in the possession of Mr. Patterson, one of the defendants; and Mrs. G. was still obliged to force the other parties, (including Relf & Chew, the executors under the will of 1811) to answer; and this brought on the other decision of the Court, and in which last proceeding the defendants, perceiving that if they went to trial on the same evidence as before, they must utterly fail, succeeded in inducing the Circuit Court — contrary, as is believed, to long-established rules of evidence — to receive as testimony some very extraordinary documents, alleged to have been found since the former trial among the Ecclesiastical Records of the Roman Church. By their aid, the defendants succeeded in obtaining from the Circuit Court a decision adverse to Mrs. Gaines, and which decision was affirmed by the Supreme Court by one majority only.

Mrs. G. might now, in consequence of further discoveries made by her, and additional evidence which it is in her power to produce, institute new proceedings to establish her rights as heir-at-law, with every prospect of success; but she has been advised that her better course now is, to adopt the suggestion of the Supreme Court of the United States, and resort to the Court of Probates of the State of Louisiana, and there prove the will of her father, made in 1813; and she has so determined.

By that will, her father (with the exception of some inconsiderable legacies to others) devised and bequeathed his whole estate to her, and at the same time declared her to be his legitimate heir. The proof on this subject is full, clear and overwhelming; and as to the probability of success in taking this course, she refers to the annexed legal opinions, either expressed or concurred in, of the several distinguished jurists whose names hereafter occur; each of these gentlemen

being intimately acquainted with the merits of this claim, and with all the circumstances connected with it.

Mrs. Gaines is advised, that the proceedings to obtain probate of the will may be completed in about eight months, in spite of all opposition; and with such an accumulation of evidence as exists in her favor, backed by such a weight of legal authority, to doubt of success would be an impeachment of the value of all human testimony, and an injurious reflection upon the wisdom of American law, and the purity of American jurisprudence.

Mrs. G. feels no such doubt. Sustained by the good Providence of God, inspired by a hope that has truth and justice for its basis, she will prosecute the claim with unfaltering steps, and with all the energy which a sense of wrong added to a sense of duty can give; confident that, in the end, she must triumph over all the forces which treachery and malice can raise up to oppose her.

OPINION

of

F. PERIN, ESQ. OF LOUISIANA.

Daniel Clark, of New Orleans, died in that city in August, 1813. A will made by him in 1811, leaving a large estate to his mother, Mary Clark, was admitted to probate shortly after his death. His Executors named in that will administered on his estate, continuing to sell property, as Executors, until 1820.

After the succession was thus settled in 1834, Mrs. Myra Clark Whitney and her husband filed their petition in the Court of Probates for the parish and city of New Orleans, to annul the proceedings under the will of 1811, and set up a will of 1813, by which it was alleged that the testator had recognised the said Myra as his legitimate child, and had instituted her his universal legatee, by which he had given her the whole of his estate, with the exception of some particular legacies. Chew and Relf, the Executors of the first will, and the heirs of Mary Clark, were made parties to the proceedings.

The plaintiffs proceeded in the cause, and took the deposition of various witnesses to establish her capacity as the

legal heir of Clark, and also to prove the will of 1813, which it was alleged had been "either lost or mislaid, or had been destroyed." This evidence was deemed by their counsel amply sufficient to establish both branches of the case. A day was fixed for trial, and the defendants ruled into Court by a subpoena *duces tecum* for the production of papers. The Judge having refused to compel the parties to produce the documents or account for their loss, the plaintiff's counsel moved a continuance. This was refused; and on motion of defendants, the plaintiffs were non-suited, they paying the costs of this suit.

Printed Record, p. 1114.

It is said that the course pursued by plaintiff's counsel was adopted from their belief that the Judge was biased by feelings and interest against them and that in case of an adverse judgment, the Supreme Court was not in a position which gave any promises of a reversal; two or three of the Judges holding lands under the title of Chew and Relf.

The judgment of non-suit was rendered June 8, 1836. P.R., p. 115.

The testimony in that suit will be found on pp. 1060, 1072, 1087. Mrs. Harriet Harper, Col. Bellechasse and Pierre Baron Boisfontaine. Mrs. H. (p.1060) says, that she read the will of 1813 about four weeks before Clark's death. It was wholly written in his own hand-writing, dated in July, 1813, and signed by him. That in this will he left his entire estate to the said Myra, after naming some other legacies – his mother for $2,000 per annum, and two other small bequests; that the testator acknowledged his daughter as his legitimate child, &c. She further states that she suckled the child, and Clark repeatedly visited her, and acknowledged Myra as his legitimate daughter.

Bellechasse testified (p.1072) to the same facts. Boisfontaine (p.1087) says that he was at the house of Clark before his death; and in the presence of Delacroix, he produced a small packet, and said that his last will was contained in that. He acknowledged to them that he had "given her all his estate in his will," with an annuity to his mother, &c. All these depositions were taken contradictorily with the defendants. The testimony thus taken is in the records of the Probate Court, in original.

On the 28th of July, 1836, the plaintiffs filed their bill in Chancery in the Circuit Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Louisiana, setting forth Myra's claims under the double capacity of heir-at-law and universal lega-

tee under the will, making the heirs and executors of the will of 1811, *and the holders of all the property purchased of them,* parties defendants. P.R., p. 1 et seq.

After the manifold demurrers, pleas, continuances, &c. incident to a Chancery cause, the case was tried by the Supreme Court of the United States, on demurrers, in 1844, when the Court decided that they would not entertain jurisdiction over that part relating to the will, and recommended the plaintiffs to go before the Court of Probate of the State. This was a non-suit of her claims under that title. 2 Howard, S.C.R.

The cause was proceeded with, testimony taken, &c. and was ended by a judgment of the Supreme Court in 1852, adverse to the claim of the said Myra as legal heir. 12 Howard, S.C.R.

However, it should be stated that the case was upon its merits decided, and is reported in 6 Howard, in favor of Mrs. Gaines, declaring her to be the legal heir of Clark. The Court further decided that the sales made by Chew and Relf of the property of the succession were absolutely null and void. To this opinion there was no dissentient voice.

The sole ground upon which the same Court thus reversed its own decree, was what is known as the Ecclesiastical Record. P.R.p.807. This was a prosecution against Des Grange, for bigamy, who was the first husband of Zulime Carriere, the mother of Myra. The record of this prosecution was brought in to rebut the one produced by plaintiffs, (p.862,) which was a suit against Des Grange by the said Zulime for a divorce. In the latter case final judgment was rendered, divorcing the parties on the ground of the bigamy of Des Grange. After taking testimony in the former case, the tribunal before whom the proceedings were pending, gave the following decree: — "Not being able to prove the public report which is contained in the original decree of these proceedings, and having no proofs for the present, let all proceedings be suspended, with power to prosecute them hereafter, if necessary; and let the person of Geronimo Des Grange be set at liberty, he paying the costs." P.R.p.817.

It is admitted by all that this amounted to nothing as a decree, and the only importance that was attached to the record was the testimony of Zulime Carriere, the mother of Myra.

This is the remarkable sentence upon which turned one of the most important civil suits ever instituted: — (P.R. p.815)

"Being asked whether she had recently heard that her

husband (Des Grange) was married to three women, if she believed it, or does believe it, or has any doubt about the matter which rendered her unquiet or unhappy!

"Answers, That although she had heard so in public, she does not believe it; and the report has caused her no uneasiness, as she is satisfied it is not true; she also swears that she is twenty-two years old!"

It is unnecessary to make any comment upon the effect that should have been given to this statement by the Supreme Court.

It is now the purpose of Mrs. Gaines to place herself, if possible, in the position she occupied prior to the 8th of June 1836, when she was non-suited in the Probate Court. Whether she can assume that attitude, is an inquiry involving some points of the laws and practice of Louisiana, requiring particular notice.

That the Probate Court of the State has jurisdiction over the subject is a matter that has been admitted by all the judges and lawyers who have had anything to do with it. (C.C.1637.) The Code of Practice and the decisions founded upon it are plain and direct upon this point. Nor does it alter the case at all by the fact that the will was lost or destroyed. The Probate Court having jurisdiction of the *subject,* a lost instrument can as well be established there as in a Court of ordinary jurisdiction,

Civil Code, Art. 2258; 17 Louisi'a R. 4.

Did Clark make a will in 1813, and if so, was it sufficient in terms to revoke that of 1811?

All that the law requires to establish an olographic will, (which is one wholly written, dated, and signed by the testator in his own handwriting; C.C.1567,) is the declaration of two credible persons, (Civil Code, Art. 1648,) which is similar to the provisions contained in the old Code. The loss of an instrument can be established by the oath of the party interested in it, and the testimony of one witness, or by such circumstances as render the loss probable.

Civil Code, Art. 2258.

This "declaration of two credible persons" should be made under oath, but no law requires that it should be done contradictorily with every one having an interest in defeating the will intended to be proved. The proof of a will is usually made after publication, and the declaration

of the witnesses made before the Judge without any cross-examination.

Civil Code, Art. 1639.

In the present case however, the parties have proved beyond controversy, the existence, contents, and loss of the will, after citing the parties adversely interested, and giving them the fullest opportunity of cross-examination.

(See testimony of Messrs. Harper, Bellechasse, and Boisfontaine, cited above.)

This evidence was taken in the Court having jurisdiction over the will, and would be admissable and competent in the new case, to every extent it might have had in the first suit, on showing that the witnesses were dead.

On this point, see the authorities cited by Judge Campbell.

The "declaration of two of the same witnesses" were again solemnly taken under commission from the United States Circuit Court, in 1837, while one of the questions at issue was the will of 1813, and one of the objects in taking the testimony, was to prove the existence and contents of that will. There were no *separate* declarations. Defendants, who possessed the whole estate left by Mr. Clark, instituted the severest cross-examinations, as will appear by reference to pp. 359 and 375 of the printed Record. The witnesses being dead, this testimony could now be used for any purpose to which it would apply in controversies between the same parties or their heirs, or any person holding through them.

After the strictest scrutiny into the character of these witnesses, through long years of litigation, they have come out unsullied from the impeaching process, and continue to be what the Code denominate *"credible persons."*

As an illustration of the general doctrine above stated, the testimony of Boisfontaine may be cited. P.R.p.386.

His deposition was taken before the Probate Court on the 28th May, 1835, during the pendency of plaintiff's suit in that Court; and on the 23d of June, 1849, it was introduced and admitted in evidence in the Circuit Court, as if taken under its own commission, the witnesses having died before the commencement or the trial of the second suit. Much stronger is the case applied to the Probate Court, which is not bound, in the proof of wills, by the general rules of evidence. A peculiar law is made expressly for this object; and all that the law requires is "the declaration of two credible persons." (C.C. 1648.)

The testimony is then ample, and now competent to establish the existence, contents, and loss of the will.

That this will revoked the will of 1811 is a proposition not only true on general principles, but the express laws of Louisiana has given to it that effect.

A testament may be revoked by making a subsequent one containing provisions contrary to those embraced in the first, or by using words in the last will specially revoking it.

Civil Code, Art. 1684.

Thus the revocation could be made expressly or by implication. In the first will of 1811 the whole of his estate was left to his mother; by that of 1813, it was given to his daughter, with the exceptions above stated. Of course the two cannot stand.

Civil Code 1683.

It is scarcely necessary to inquire what effect this will would have, if established. By universal law it must be enforced to the exclusion of all previous disposition by testament. But there is, moreover, a legislative enactment on this subject.

A revocation made in a posterior testament has "its entire effect, even though the new act remains without execution."

Civil Code, Art. 1687.

This law with the same provision of the old Code, would give to the will that force which was so plainly indicated by the testator, constituting his daughter not only his universal legatee, but acknowledging her therein to be his legitimate child. This would entitle her to the entire estate left by her father; as we have seen that all the sales of the executors, Chew and Relf, were declared null by the Supreme Court. 6 Howard.

A question now arises as to the fatal effects produced by the Ecclesiastical Record.

The answer is very simple. It cannot be introduced in the State Court for any purpose whatever.

Besides the objection that it is not the record or judicial proceedings of any tribunal recognized by law, and that the present plaintiff was no party to the proceeding (4 New Series, 6 and 51), it is yet liable to a more peremptory objection set up by Article of the Civil Code 2260. By this article,

the testimony of Zulime Carriere, the *mother* of Mrs. Gaines, is absolutely excluded. It can neither be used for nor against her daughter. The article reads thus:—

Art. 2260 (3d clause): "The husband cannot be a witness for or against his wife, nor the wife for or against her husband; neither can ascendants with respect to their descendants, nor descendants with respect to their ascendants."

7 Louis. R. 281; 9 ibid. 559; 10 ibid. 114 and 194.

This article has been too often before the Courts of Louisiana to admit of any doubt of its construction. It is well settled, that for no purpose, and in no civil proceedings, can the testimony of the *mother* be used in evidence for or against her child. If it could not be introduced directly and orally on the trial of the cause, much less could it be taken from the record of any other suit.

Chancery has its own rules of evidence, and the Circuit and Supreme Courts must have considered that the articles of the Code were not binding on them.

Thus, the whole ground-work of the decision in 12 Howard is taken away, and the elaborate opinion based upon it must fall harmless in the proceedings about to be instituted.

But should these judgments be taken as finally concluding the question then at issue, still it does not affect the rights of Mrs. Gaines claiming under a *different title* from that set up in the United States Court. The two positions of heir-at-law, and *universal legatee*, are as distinct, separate, and independent of each other, as conveyances from different persons to the same property.

Should the will be established (and we have seen that there is no question of it,) her rights are drawn from that; and in executing the will, the law declares that it shall have its "entire effect."

From the lapse of time since the birth of Mrs. Gaines (1806,) it might be supposed that prescription (Statute of limitations) has intervened, to bar the rights which it so clearly appears she was the possessor of. The slightest examination will show that the plea could not be entertained for a moment.

The prescription does not run against minors.

Civil Code, Art. 3488, 3519.

She, then, became of age in 1827; suit was instituted in the Probate Court in 1834, after seven years prescription. This suit was pending until June, 1836, when, as we have

seen above, a non-suit was granted by the Court, *on motion of the defendants*. Suit was again instituted in the Circuit Court in July, 1836. In both cases her title under the will was expressly set up. The latter suit, so far as regards her rights under that title, was pending until 1844, when the Court, at the instance of the defendants, again *nonsuited* the plaintiffs. From the last decision to the present time is but nine (9) years.

The defendants could not acquire a title against Mrs. Gaines under the conveyances they held from Chew and Relf, under thirty years continued and uninterrupted possession after she became of age. Civil Code, Art. 3438-3512.

Both suits interrupted prescription, and it did not begin to run again until the Supreme Court (6 Howard) decided that they had no jurisdiction over the will in 1844.

Here are the provisions of the Code on this subject.

Art. 3482. — "There are two modes of interrupting prescription, that is, by a natural interruption, or by a legal interruption."

Art. 3484. — "A legal interruption takes place, when the possessor has been cited to appear before a Court of Justice, on account of either of the property or of the possession; and the prescription is interrupted by such demand, *whether the suit has been brought before a Court of competent jurisdiction or not.*"

Art. 3485. — "If the plaintiff in this case after having made his demand abandons or discontinues it, the interruption shall be considered as having never happened."

"When prescription has been interrupted, it recommences to run only from the cessation of the interruption."

Riviere vs. Spencer, 2 Mar R. 82.

"Prescription is interrupted by a suit *though the plaintiff therein be nonsuited.*"

Chretien v. Theard. 2 New Series (of Martin) 582.

"An error in the prosecution of a suit in consequence of which it is dismissed, does not deprive the party of the benefit of pleading his institution of it, as a bar to prescription."

Prall v. Petts, Curator, 3 Louis. R. 282.

"It is only the *voluntary withdrawal* of a suit instituted by a party, that deprives him of the benefit of pleading it as a bar to prescription, *but not a non-suit.*" — *Ibid.*

In a more recent case, where the Court *intimated* to the

party that he could not obtain judgment in the form in which he had brought his suit, and the plaintiff *withdrew* it, and afterwards brought suit on the same cause of action, the Court allowed him to introduce the first suit to interrupt the prescription set up by the defendants.

F. PERIN.

NEW YORK, July 25, 1853.

CHAPTER XXXI

IN HIS quiet preparation for death on the Bayou Road, how little did this man realize "how great a fire a little matter kindleth." He was making, as he thought, a clean breast of it, so that this child — so strikingly like him — could bear his name with pride; thus he was doing penance for the one unjust act of his unparalleled career.

He was writing the 1813 will and acknowledging his marriage so that Myra might take her rightful position in the world and enjoy the vast fortune which he had, by reason of his rare gift of insight and business judgment, accumulated. The Chews had gone and Richard Relf came out to the Bayou home to stay with him. Clark kept busily on with his writing and while a cordial friendship apparently existed between them, for some good reason the wise and discerning Clark requested his executors, Judge Pitot, Colonel Bellechasse, and the Chevalier Delacroix not to mention to Relf the writing of this will.

The following account, "Death on the Bayou Road," is quoted from *The Famous Case of Myra Clark Gaines,* by Nolan B. Harmon, Jr.

He had secured the consent of these three gentlemen to act as executors, and knew them to be persons of consequence who would carry out its provisions in case of his death; but for reasons known only to himself, he begged of them to keep its existence to themselves. His friends promised and, as they were gentlemen of honor, he relied upon them.

Pierre Boisfontaine, "Monsieur le Baron," as they called him, was also aware of the will. Occasionally when they were riding up toward Cannes Brulees or over the great plantation, Clark would speak of the progress he was making on it and regretfully mention the past. Boisfontaine listened, respecting the confidence of this man who was more than an employer to him.

So the midsummer of 1813 came on, the hot, humid summer of the lower Mississippi. Daniel Clark was apparently in the best of health, planning that visit to Virginia and the North, but all the while continuing to work on the will.

There is something of pathos in the spectacle of this strong man whose life had lost itself in shallows when it should be at flood, now at the last attempting to set for himself a course which he should have steered from the first. He was yet in the prime of life, in his forties, with wealth, huge estates, slaves, friends, admiration, and luxuries. But as Daniel Clark set his house in order in 1813 against he knew not what, there is undeniably something of failure, of shortage, about the man, more of a psychic flaw than anything belonging to the ounces, pounds, or plantations in which he dealt. As has been the case with other men who have succeeded too rapidly, a certain savor had gone out of life for Clark by reason of his early victories. These had come naturally and inevitably. Then when failure struck him in the withdrawal of public confidence after the Wilkinson episode and the onslaught of the President, he took refuge behind a high pride and scorn. He had tasted popularity, then lost it, and found the loss not unbearable. Rather than the uncertainties of popular favor he preferred the fiery loyalty of Colonel Bellechasse, the quiet of a visit at Judge Pitot's, or the fellowship of the Baron as they rode down from Cannes Brulees after a day on the plantation. What,

after all, was the approval of the Jeffersons or Claibornes, or of the rabble they led?

The war gave him something else to talk about. It had now begun to affect the city through the shutting off of its shipping, and there were rumors of a great British armada to be launched on the Gulf Coast. Clark continued to rail against the insanity of the government and the senselessness of the conflict, but his mind was not on these things. He was devoting himself to the paper he was writing, listing all his property, his slaves, his plantations and financial dealings so that he might secure everything to the child far away. He knew now that he had wronged Myra and wronged her deeply, but vowed to God he would atone. The pride that had never given way before the hostility of Presidents or governors or generals, which had met on its own terms the house of Carroll in Maryland, was now dissolving before the love of a little girl. The city might say what it pleased; he would do right – and in this he found a partial redemption.

One day in July, Clark strode into the house of Mrs. Harper in his impetuous way and seeing her cried: "My will is finished!"

In his hand he held a bulky document. Mrs. Harper took it, but, as she was pressed for time, Clark agreed to leave the paper with her until the next day. She then read through the whole thing, noting that Mrs. Mary Clark, his mother, was remembered with an annuity; that a five-thousand-dollar bequest was to go to the son of Judge Pitot; that Lubin, the faithful black body servant, was to be given his freedom; and that many other persons were mentioned; but the whole estate was to be Myra's save for minor exceptions. The executors were the three persons Clark had named.

Some days after this, the Chevalier Delacroix and Boisfontaine happened to be at Clark's home. They were all sitting in a sort of small office room or perhaps a part of the library downstairs, when Clark suddenly reached over and opened with a small key a little black case. From this he drew a sealed packet, and handed it to the Chevalier Delacroix saying, "My last will is finished."

Delacroix looked at the paper packet curiously. On the outside written in Clark's hand was, *"Pour ouvert etre en cas de mort."*

"It is in this sealed packet with other valuable papers," continued the owner of the house. "As you consented, I made you in it tutor to my daughter. If any misfortune happens to me, will you do for her all you promised me?"

The Chevalier agreed. Clark replaced the papers in the small ebony case and locked it with a little key, one of a bundle of keys which he kept on his person.

With the completion of the will, a strange sense of finality seems to have come over its maker. There was no special reason for him to have been so interested in outlining a final settlement at this time. He was in middle life and should have looked forward to many years of vigorous existence. Men of his age usually do. But driven by an inner urge, he found no rest until he had completed the will. Strange to say, when that was done, a vital chord seems to have snapped somewhere within Daniel Clark; some inner nexus between himself and the world had been destroyed, and he may have realized beforehand what others never dreamed, that soon, for him, ships and slaves and plantations would have no meaning. Whether the completion of the will assisted in bringing this about or not we do not know. What is certain is that a very few days after the scene in the little office, Daniel Clark lay desperately ill in an upstairs room of his house on the Bayou Road.

Richard Relf, that enigmatic young partner of his, took charge and summoned a physician, but it became evident as the hours passed that Daniel Clark was a very sick man. Boisfontaine came in from Cannes Brulees to see him on business, and, to his surprise, Clark admitted that he felt very ill.

Boisfontaine wished to know if Clark wanted him to remain with him.

The sick man signified assent, so the Baron rode rapidly out to the plantation, hastily arranged affairs there, and came back into the city on the same day to take his place by his friend's side.

Colonel Bellechasse, totally ignorant of the illness of Clark, accidentally dropped in to see him a day or so after this and was astonished by Relf's statement that Clark was too ill to receive him. The doughty Colonel, whether suspicious of Relf or anxious to see for himself, strode straight upstairs and into the room where his friend lay.

He found Clark very ill indeed, but, with a shadow of his old spirit, the sick man roused at the entrance of his faithful friend.

"How is it, Bellechasse, that you have not come to see me before since my sickness? I told Relf to send for you."

Bellechasse, surprised, replied that he had received no message at all from anyone in Clark's house and added:

"My friend, you know that on various occasions I have been your physician, and on this occasion I wish to be so again."

Clark merely gazed at him and pressed his hand. The Colonel was afraid that his presence might not improve the prospects of the patient and so withdrew. Finding Richard Relf, he offered to remain in the house to attend Clark and be of further service. Relf replied briefly that there was no occasion for his so doing. The doctor had given orders that his patient was to be kept quiet and allowed to talk to no one.

Bellechasse expressed fears for his friend's safety, but the younger man took a more hopeful view. As he promised to send for the Colonel should any turn for the worse come, Bellechasse went on to his home.

He had seen Daniel Clark for the last time.

That very afternoon the final scene in the life of this strange man of old New Orleans was being enacted. Under the blazing summer sun the rich merchant was breathing his life away in the magnificent house which he had built for his own comfort. As the hot midafternoon wore on, Boisfontaine and the others about him realized that the end was fast approaching. Then, as the moments ticked by, the real interest of Daniel Clark, the man who had played so many different parts, came to the surface, and he cried out for Myra. Forgotten was wealth, business, scenes of fame and conquest: he thought only of his child. Solemnly he charged Pierre Boisfontaine that he wished above everything that his last will should be taken to the Chevalier Delacroix as soon as he was gone. Then he called for Lubin.

The black slave had come to mean something more than a well-trained servant to the man who lay dying. Lubin had been faithful to his master through the years and had come to love him with the unquestioning fealty which his kind often bore to those who were merciful to them. Between master and man there was something almost of affection. Obediently the servant moved to the bedside of the man who owned him, and waited for a last command. With an intense finality Daniel Clark told Lubin that he must, as soon as he was dead, take the little black case over to the Chevalier Delacroix. The slave signified assent and after that Clark seemed content.

Life was now fast slipping away in that upper room. But before Daniel Clark died, there began to take place in the house on the Bayou Road a mysterious series of happenings

which were to provide speculation for the entire American nation in days to come.

Boisfontaine, sitting by the bedside, afterward said that he saw Richard Relf take "a bundle of keys" from an armoire in the room where Clark lay and, carrying the keys, descend the stairs. One of these keys, Boisfontaine knew, unlocked the little black case. The Baron remained by his friend's side, but Lubin, who had seen the action of Relf, followed him downstairs as though upon other business. The Negro saw Relf go into the office room, heard him turn and lock the door behind him. The slave crept nearer to listen and, as he furtively took his position outside the office door, heard somewhere within the sound of the *rustling of papers.*

Boisfontaine came down later and saw the closed office room door. He did not know that it was locked.

Upstairs Daniel Clark had ceased to breathe. It was the thirteenth of August, 1813, about five o'clock in the afternoon.

CHAPTER XXXII

SOMEHOW LUBIN got the little ebony box to Myra, as it was the most conspicuous item in the sixty-year legal battle. The box stayed in the privacy of Franklin Perin's home. It went from there to Washington with him, and remained in his home — as did Mrs. Gaines herself — at No. 6 — 4½ Street, during the twelve-months' stay in 1860-61.

The exact description of this box, as it was referred to in court records, has come down through the several generations of Perins with vivid accuracy, for not only Mary Perin, but also young Charles, the sisters, Clyde and Mamie (Mary Ellen), and little Louisa all served

their turn at wagging this thing back and forth to boat or stagecoach for Mrs. Gaines.

It was was made exactly like a doll trunk — rounded top, with two leather straps which fastened through buckles on each side of the lock in the center. It was made of ebony, and was an awkward thing, as it had no handle and had to be carried under the arm. It was about eighteen inches long and eight or ten inches high, and was stuffed tight with papers and the few little keepsakes Myra had gathered from a turbulent past.

In the midst of the exhaustive research and the trying interviews with Zulime (with whom Myra had little sympathy, only hot resentment of what her mother had brought on her), the war-weary old General Gaines had closed his eyes on the strife and struggle of the things of this world.

In the parlors of the St. Charles Hotel, simple dignity and beauty marked the funeral services, conducted with all the impressive military honors the fine old warrior deserved.

Again Myra Clark stood alone — another fine husband and another fortune sacrificed on the altar of personal determination. For the sweet-natured, adoring William Whitney had given his all, both money and life, in Myra's fight, a victim of attempted assassination, yellow fever and imprisonment, though the untiring, unquenchable Myra stood by and nursed him through the long, wretched nights and days in the rat-infested prison. It was no wonder that the splendid old New Jersey family, in their aching hearts, asked again and again if this terrific "candle be worth the game?"

CHAPTER XXXIII

AT THE PERIN HOME in Greenville all of the older children had come through with light cases of yellow fever. The danger seemed over and the plans were resumed to leave at once for White Sulphur Springs.

Exhausted with sleepless nights and anxiety, Mary Perin was trying to complete the packing with the aid of several of the younger house servants, as Naomi took care of the baby Lydia, who was happily playing in the shadow of the great trees. Mary was expecting another baby in September, and Franklin was anxious to get her to the mountains for the rest of the summer and to have all in readiness in Washington for her confinement. This was the occasion long prepared for — his appearance before the Supreme Court with the now nationally famous Gaines Case.

Armed with two large trunks of records and an enormous store of intimate knowledge of the Gaines history, he was to take the remarkable case before that august body for its eleventh appearance. The strain of the last few months — with repeated threats on his life — was telling on Franklin Perin. The increasing weariness was noticeable.

At the end of a sultry July day, he dropped into his chair, almost speechless with fatigue, and wholly unprepared for the terrific shock, as Naomi entered, white-eyed and trembling, with the limp little body of Lydia in her arms. As Mary crossed the room toward her, the dread in her heart was realized, and out of the strange mist of semi-consciousness that enveloped her, she heard Naomi whisper: "Gawd, Miss Mary, it's the 'Black Vomit!' " (That one undeniable sign of yellow fever.)

In twelve hours the exquisite child was gone. Only the Austins and the closest of friends witnessed the faithful slaves, weeping as they prepared the little resting place there in the silence of the starry night, under the great trees where this happy child had laughed and played. The first little grave was made in the section marked in the deed: "Family Burying Ground."

The agonizing, but required, ten days in quarantine were lived through some way. Dr. Austin, great yellow fever expert, and Quarantine Officer, ordered them to get Mary quickly out of the climate and away from the scene of her great sorrow. All the teachings of her sweet mother came back to her — the Bible lessons in the covered wagons on the trip to Texas, the rides through the woods to the tiny red church in Sabine, where she heard her father talk of a faith that sustained, of a God who gave strength in the hour of need; and so this faith of her father and her mother shone like a light through her darkness and lifted up her eyes!

It was not so with her husband, and bitterness and grief had all but overcome him. Captain of his soul and master always of earthly problems, he was the more pathetic in his lack of ability to cope with this thing which only spiritual resources could aid.

But it was the beginning of a feverish yearning for help and was God's opportunity to lay the cornerstone for a religious understanding that was to grow and put down late, but steady roots, for the few years that were left him.

CHAPTER XXXIV

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS was in all her glory!

The greatest of the nation in every profession and position were visiting the famous watering place.

The long, long journey from New Orleans was ended, and Mary Perin sank into the blessed seclusion of the big, soft bed in the cottage that had been engaged for her near the hotel.

Only Naomi had come with them, as the plantation had been left fully staffed, so that it would be in perfect condition on the family's return from Washington.

The Belle of Alabama was the toast of The Springs in this July of 1860. The United States Marine Band was there, due to the fact that Robert E. Lee would arrive the next morning and the band was to play evening concerts during his entire stay.

The plan was that Franklin was to go on into Washington by the morning stagecoach and receive the furniture, engage the governess and music teacher for Mamie, and Clyde, and Little Louisa, and have a nurse in readiness for the new baby.

The band was serenading the Belle of Alabama and she was leaning from her window, smiling and throwing flowers to the bandmaster.

Mary was watching it all from the depths of the featherbed, too weary to raise her head, but not too weary to move her hand gracefully to the compelling rhythm of the "Blue Danube Waltz."

Suddenly she cried out in pain. Naomi rushed to her.

"Marse Perin, you better go see is they a docta in this here town," she whispered.

"Oh, Naomi, not yet, it couldn't be time," Mary was saying, but the next pain cut off her breath.

Judge Perin tore from the cottage and returned with

the hotel doctor, in time to hear a tiny wail greeting them over the final measures of the Strauss waltzes.

Next morning, news of the wee new guest spread through the hotel, and General Robert E. Lee was the first to pay his compliments to the sweet mother and the new baby. The great commander-in-chief cradled the tiny child in his strong, beautiful hands.

Her features were perfect, though the small wash-basin, which was the only available bathtub, was adequate for this eager young lady who had arrived two months ahead of schedule.

In the tragedy of the New Orleans departure and the great hardship of the long trip, no name had been planned for this baby, and it was not until that winter in Washington that Mary said one morning: "Mr. Perin, I should like to give my baby the name of my beloved husband — Franklin."

Touched by the tenderness of the compliment, he added: "And perhaps add Mary to it?"

"No, let's wait for that other name until closer to the time of her christening."

And it was when driving home with his close friend, General J. Bankhead McGruder, much later on, that Franklin Perin remarked: "General, do you know we have not finished naming the baby yet?"

"I have it," answered the General, lowering his voice; "today, in a secret session, our beloved state seceded from the Union. It will not be made public for some months yet, but in honor of the secret agreement, let's name her Virginia!"

And so she was christened Virginia Franklin Perin, and spent her first year amid the diplomatic and exciting surroundings of Washington, in the handsomely appointed home at No. 6 — 4½ Street, "Lawyers Row," where the heavy, nickel-plated and imposing doormarker bore the single name: "Perin."

CHAPTER XXXV

In the meanwhile, on the Gaines front excitement was in the air. Seeing the last of the General's fortune melting away, Judge Perin had asked Mary to invite Mrs. Gaines to spend the winter with them. This she did, and was an easy guest and a helpful one.

Her particular pet was the little Virginia, and it was Mrs. Gaines who saved the tiny life when Virginia was seized with a strange congestion and was all but gone. Quick as a flash, Mrs. Gaines had put her into a hot mustard bath that she had prepared for her own aching feet. The child relaxed, breathed easily and soon was smiling again — that sunny little smile that seemed to have come into the world with her.

In the entertainment of the foreign legations, Mrs. Gaines assisted Mrs. Perin in hostess duties, pouring tea for hours. She chatted incessantly and proved of great assistance to Mary, who was none too well to assume the enormous social obligations naturally thrown upon her by the prominence of her distinguished husband.

However, the older children grew a bit weary of Mrs. Gaines, weary of the constant talk of herself, and her claims and her newspapers. There was never a moment's rest for Papa when he came home.

Always on Saturday they had to spend the day with the governess in the Smithsonian Institute and be taught what everything was, and look at all the curious animals and shells, and other boresome things. They were possessed with homesickness for the plantation and the sweet, deep shade of its lovely trees to swing under.

They climbed up to their fourth-story window one

dull day, tied the long trunk rope to the top, and took turns about swinging each other high and far out the window and over the street. It was delightful until their shrieks of joy attracted the attention of the policeman on his regular beat. Frantically he pounded the knocker till Mary herself, not waiting for Rebecca to move, opened the door. Red-faced and shaking, the man said: "Madam, do you know your children are swinging out the top-story window?"

Mary smothered a smile, as she thanked him graciously for saving their lives, and went up the stairs to see if the rope was strong and securely fastened. This was the only fear she had, for her children had swung and climbed, and like squirrels had crawled out on the high branches of the live oaks all their lives.

This gesture was one of longing for the freedom of home, and a little lump came in her own throat for the same reason.

In September, 1860, the Prince of Wales visited America and all of Washington was preparing for the visit. The grand ball was attended by the bigwigs, and, being of direct English descent (both Porters and Perins), the handsome judge and his wife were asked to receive with the dashing young Prince Edward of the House of Windsor.

The event was charming, and Mary Perin remembered long the courteous and breath-taking compliments, as the Prince kissed her hand and murmured the sort of sweet speeches that lovely women always cherish.

CHAPTER XXXVI

As THE TIME drew near for the historic eleventh appearance before the United States Supreme Court of the Gaines Case, the tenseness in the Perin house was all but unbearable.

Mrs. Gaines continued to borrow large sums of money from Mr. Perin, still playing her spectacular role with a wide hand, as usual on somebody else's money.

Confident of the success of this trip, and quickly forgetting the cruel disappointment of other efforts, she dramatized herself further by borrowing $800 from the Patriotic Bank in Washington, with Franklin Perin, alone, going her security, as usual, to buy Judge Black's two magnificent black horses and his imposing carriage.

In this she swept up and down Pennsylvania Avenue, and all around the Capitol, and reveled in the gaze of the crowd. And the loudly whispered "There goes Myra, the Child of Adoption," was wine to her publicity-mad soul.

Though a deep, sound friendship existed between Myra and the Perins, they were too conservative to take any part in her public display. So she rode alone in all her glory, with her red curls bobbing in the breeze, only pausing at newsstands to buy whatever paper they sold. She was never seen, or known, to read anything but newspapers.

CHAPTER XXXVII

MARY PORTER PERIN sat in the far dim corner of the basement room of the Supreme Court, tight-lipped, white as a sheet, breathing a prayer to Almighty God for success in this critical hour. Victory now meant release for the magnificent man who for fourteen years had poured his lifeblood into this stupendous legal battle.

Not for the wealth and satisfaction of Myra did she pray, but for rest and peace and home life again for her husband, and the throwing off, at last, of the relentless harness of the Gaines Case, which in its sixty grueling years killed seventeen lawyers and two husbands.

Finally she saw him enter, a commanding figure with his black, black hair, his keen, searching eyes, his face as white and set as an alabaster cast. In the overpowering silence of the courtroom Mary heard the deep, dramatic tone of his voice in the opening argument, which would end in either cruel disappointment or radiant success.

Tears of pride and joy coursed silently down her blanched cheeks as she watched for the slightest reaction of the jury. She could hear the quick intake of breath from the audience as point after point was scored.

Then she saw him sway and put his hand to his head, and before the guards could reach him, he crumpled to the floor. But quickly he regained consciousness, was lifted into his seat, and in unprecedented consideration and courtesy, Justice James Moore Wayne announced that Mr. Perin of Louisiana would be permitted to go on with his argument.

And for the first time in the history of the Supreme Court, a lawyer was allowed to address that august body while seated.

Fearing this very thing, Franklin Perin had consulted Judge Cushing, great Washington legal light, who stood by, fortified with a carefully prepared copy of Perin's speech and of every detail of the intended procedure. Mrs. Gaines also became panicky over the increasing give-down in Mr. Perin's health, and together the three of them prepared for war in time of peace.

The great Cushing did take over the "picking up of the pieces," as he generously admitted, but the winning of this great phase of the case went without question to the Louisiana lawyer, Franklin Perin.

When Justice Wayne neared the end of his famous pronouncement, the suggestion of a Higher Equity came into the heart of this great man, and he closed with these deathless words:

> Those of us who have borne our part in the case will pass away. The case will live. Years hence, as well as now, the profession will look to it for what has been ruled upon its merits and also for the kind of testimony upon which these merits were decided. The majority of my brothers who give the judgment stand, as they well may do, upon their responsibility. I have placed myself alongside of them, humbly submitting to have any error into which I may have fallen corrected by our contemporaries and by our professional posterity.
>
> I do not know from my own reasoning that the sins of parents are visited upon children, but my reason does not tell me that it may not be so. But I do know, from one of those rays shot from Sinai, that it is said for the offense of idolatry, "I, the Lord God, am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and show mercy unto thousands of those who love me and keep my commandments." It may be so for other offenses. If it be, let the victim submissively recognize Him who inflicts the chastise-

ment, and it may be the beginning of a communion with our Maker, to raise the hope of a richer inheritance than this world can give or take away.

Following is an article that appeared in the New York *Herald* of March 15, 1861:

THE GREAT GAINES CASE.

DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES IN FAVOR OF MRS. GENERAL GAINES — THE POINTS AT ISSUE AND THE DECISION.

WASHINGTON, March 14, 1861.

This important cause was decided by the United States Supreme Court to-day. Involving as it does the title to a vast amount of property in Louisiana and elsewhere, the suit has been for some years past a matter of great public notoriety and interest. It is known that her pretensions as heir-at-law of Daniel Clark, after long years of litigation, were disposed of adversely to her in 1852, by the decision reported in 12 Howard. Since then she has caused the last will of Clark to be probated in the Supreme Court of Louisiana. By this will he acknowledged her to be his "legitimate and only daughter," constituted her his "universal legatee," and devised to her his whole estate. This will was made the basis of a suit in the United States Circuit Court at New Orleans, in which she claimed the real property belonging to Clark's succession. In response to the suit the defendants made several objections, some of a mere technical, and others of a substantial character. But the case may be said to rest upon four principal points, to-wit: —

1. Defendants set up the decision in 12th Howard as *res judicata,* or authority of the thing decided.

2. They deny that she is the legitimate child of Clark, or that he ever acknowledged her as such.

3. They deny that Clark ever made a valid will in her favor.

4. That in case all the other defences are untenable, the

statute of limitations (proscription) has barred all right of recovery.

Upon these issues the parties went to trial in the Circuit Court. The complainant's bill was dismissed, and she appealed.

The case in the Supreme Court was fully discussed on both sides, orally and by printed briefs, and with signal ability and skill, as was admitted by all who heard the argument. It was opened by Mr. Perin, of New Orleans, on the 13th of February, on behalf of Mrs. Gaines; it was continued on the 14th by Mr. Janin, also of New Orleans, on behalf of that city, and closed on the same day for the complainant by Mr. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts.

After the most attentive and mature consideration the Court has decided all of the objections against the defendants, reversed the decree of the Circuit Court, and sent the case back for the purpose of taking an account of the rents and profits which will be realized by defendants, received by them since the date of their possession.

Associate Justice Wayne, in announcing the decision in the case of Mrs. Gaines, said it was of long standing and heretofore of doubtful result. The record covered three thousand pages, and at least eight of the ten points had been ruled by the Court with regard to it. At last it had been brought to a conclusion. The decision was, that she was the only legitimate child of Daniel Clark and his universal legatee under his last will, and, as such, entitled to all the property, real and personal, of which Mr. Clark died possessed; and the defendant, Henning, having purchased certain property, with full notice of the nullity of the title under which he held, she is entitled to recover immediate possession of it, with the rents and profits. The Court said measures would be at once taken to enforce the decree; and Justice Wayne said, in conclusion, the future writer of the history of jurisprudence would be obliged to register this celebrated case as the most remarkable.

From the nature of the controversy, the position of the defendants, and the obstinacy with which they have contested the claims of Mrs. Gaines, the matter may now well be considered as finally and conclusively settled. Unless public information is very much at fault, Mrs. Gaines is undoubtedly the richest woman on this side of the Atlantic, and, if wealth could give it, ought to be the happiest.

It is understood that on the part of the ladies of Washington, New York, and of Memphis, Tennessee, a fitting

testimonial in recognition of the indomitable faith and perseverance of Mrs. Gaines in this most remarkable and protracted case has already been agitated. Doubtless, too, the ladies concerned will carry out this idea as a tribute due to one of their own sex, who, against difficulties, delays, combinations and reverses that very few men would have had the moral courage to face, has thus achieved one of the greatest legal triumphs of this century.

The State of Louisiana has seceded; but neither the State, nor the new confederacy of which she is a member, has done anything to break the full force of this decision. The property involved amounts in value to, some say five, some seven, some ten millions of dollars, and some put it at a still higher figure.

The decision in favor of Mrs. Gaines creates profound sensation. It is the absorbing subject of conversation in every circle, and those who know that lady and have watched the unparalleled perseverance and ability with which she has prosecuted her case, against the most extraordinary combination of talent and money that has ever been contended against, are rejoiced. Since the decision today she has received the heartiest congratulations of her friends, culminating in a splendid ovation in the evening.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

BUT THE SHOUTING and the tumult of this triumph was smothered in the rumble of guns from Fort Sumter, and quickly the Perins prepared for the flight southward.

Myra, completely intoxicated with her success, refused to leave with them. She'd get through the lines somehow — she was an heiress — she was the richest woman in the world — she would build hospitals —

she would endow colleges — none could suffer and starve — she would eliminate all want from her world — she had inherited the estate of one of the richest merchants in North America, the man who had manipulated the Louisiana Purchase from France in 1803.

On and on she went, her pride in her father's achievements rising like a tide. When she stopped for breath, Mary Perin smiled in admiration, put her arms around the fiery red-headed little fighter, and said: "Oh, Myra Clark, my heart aches so for your father, in not having had the joy of knowing you. What understanding there would have been between you. What a team!"

Myra stood still for a moment, then for one of the few times on record that anyone ever saw her give way to tears, she threw herself on the little rosewood sofa, buried her head in her arms, and cried her heart out, sobbing: "Oh, why didn't he acknowledge me; what difference did it make? We could have whipped the world together, if he had only let me love him. Why didn't Mother Davis tell me who I was?"

All the big front and bravado was gone, and the sensational red-headed "New Orleans woman" was only a tired, lonely child, reaching out for the parental love and protection that had been denied her, which all manner of pomp and circumstance could not replace.

CHAPTER XXXIX

In September, 1861, Mary went straight to Dr. Austin with her sick husband. The doctor was taking it easy over the Lake at Ocean Springs, where he had

only recently succeeded in changing the name of the pretty seacoast town from Old Biloxi to Ocean Springs, because of the fine medicinal waters.

The Indians had known of these health-giving springs they had called the Holy Drink, and now every physician from New Orleans to Mobile knew of their excellent qualities and sent their patients to drink from the cool, bubbling springs, so strangely near the salt water of the Gulf.

Daughter Martha Austin, still surrounded by a train of suitors, now bedecked in brass-buttoned uniforms, was still unable to make up her mind. But young Ed Austin had married and it was his dainty child — another Martha — that her aunt lavished her affections on. It was this Martha Austin who named the famous oak on her grandfather's estate "John Ruskin" — still one of the most famous trees in America.

And so to this haven of Ocean Springs and Uncle Will, Mary took her sick husband, hoping that the blessed quiet and friendly old Gulf, with its healing breeze, would help to restore the weary body and broken nerves.

New Orleans had a war to fight, and the Gaines Case was forgotten, as was the man who had won the stupendous judgment of 1861.

Mary left her children, like little wild things suddenly released from a cage, expanding and rejoicing in the atmosphere of oak trees and sea breeze, in the care of Aunty Austin. With Franklin under the watchful eye of Uncle Will, she went to her father, who was very ill in the Austin home in the city.

She reached him only a few hours before his courageous spirit took its flight. Somehow; he had never been completely well since the Texas trip, and now there was the presence of war — the enlistment of his four sons (even little Jimmie, baby that he was, had

gone trudging off under a heavy knapsack, his young body making a terrific effort to assume a soldierly bearing under its weight). He had slipped into his father's room early that morning, knelt beside his bed and laid his cheek gently against his to whisper bravely: "I'll be back, Pa, just don't worry."

A faint little smile crossed Lawson Porter's face as he felt two black paws laid gently across the white coverlet, a wet, cold nose snuggled against his fingers, and he knew that "Little Smut" was making his plans to go along with Jimmie. Lawson's lips moved in prayer to Almighty God that in His great mercy He would — through a kind Lieutenant — let the faithful coon dog follow his young master. That would be something to comfort his heart.

Little Smut was a by-product of the old "Smut & Brownie Corporation," and off he trotted at the heels of this fifteen-year-old soldier of the Confederacy, and the Lieutenant did not send him back.

All this was more than the depleted heart of the boy's father could keep its beating through. Now it was still, and Mary threw herself into her brother's arms and cried: "Oh, John, what next?"

CHAPTER XL

GENERAL BUTLER had taken New Orleans and had commandeered the spacious Perin home and converted it into a hospital for his Negro troops.

John was off with the Washington Artillery in Vir-

ginia. Uncle Will was at the front. 'Lias and William were headed for Richmond, and Jimmie they knew not where.

In 1862, Franklin Perin "set in order his house," leaving his affairs in perfect condition for Mary. The contracts for the Gaines Case up to 1861, his deeds to the Smiley Plantation, and his olographic will were placed in his tin box at the Canal Bank.

Caught in the fearful grip of an unnecessary and bloody war, the Perins stayed that winter with the Austins, as Franklin Perin was failing rapidly in spite of all that could be done. Though a complete Southerner at heart and sympathy, he realized where the rest of his family would be fighting. His own brothers would take up arms against his precious wife's four brothers, whom he had learned to love almost more than his own.

CHAPTER XLI

CHRISTMAS had to be forgotten, and New Year's dinner of '63 was a desperate attempt to recapture something of happiness (if there be such a thing left anywhere in the world) for the sake of the little girls and the baby Virginia, the latter the idol of Franklin Perin's life.

The scarcity of food was hidden by the elaborateness of silver and linens, left unseized, as yet. And there was a turkey that Mary had hidden in the well, all cool and dressed and ready, if the foraging soldiers did not decide to get a drink of well water.

The slaves had accompanied their young "marsters" to the front — with devotion to their white folks and no idea what the war was all about.

Agitators were busy among the ones who were left, and Lawson Hobson was still at the John Porter plantation in the Tennessee mountains, after begging to follow Dr. Austin into the war to help "tote his guns and medicine bags." But the old man did his part in keeping order among the people of his race. He preached constantly amid grueling uprisings, declaring to his followers he'd cut both his feet off before he'd let them take him away from the Porters.

Only Naomi and little Tecumseh were in New Orleans with Mary, so a neighboring nurse had been borrowed for the baby, Virginia, on that New Year's day. Against her wishes the nurse had been sent by her master to his good friends, the Perins, for there was a meeting up in the woods, and all day the Negroes were passing along the dusty road.

It was one of those mild southern winters, a sunny, almost drowsy day. The violets were in full bloom around the cobblestone walks that wound through the pretty yard and over by the thick hedge of Cherokee rose vines, matted through and across the dividing fence, in sight of the long dining room windows that stood open now onto the terrace. The family was seated with heads bowed. Mary was asking the blessing. As they raised their heads, a ray of sunlight struck the highly polished silver carving knife that lay beside the browned, but none too fat turkey. Mary smiled at Franklin as she said, "We still have our silver left," but as he started to answer, they both saw the copper-colored, borrowed nurse come quickly around the corner of the house with the baby in her arms crying. They saw the sullen expression on the slave's face as, with a muttered curse of defiance, she held the baby high in her arms, then threw her into the cruel depths of the thorn roses.

As the ailing Judge Perin staggered to his feet, the long steel blade of the silver carving knife flashed again in his eyes. He seized it, and in split seconds he crossed the terrace and his long, white fingers closed around the throat of the girl as he threw her to the ground.

Stunned into deathly silence, the dinner guests saw the carving knife raised high over the heart of the slave, and they closed their eyes. Mary was the first to reach her baby — the tender little body torn beyond belief. As she turned with the bloody, screaming bundle in her arms, her husband's eyes met hers as the knife descended.

But in that suspended second upon which hung the life or death of the offending slave, "the still small voice" from within spoke to Perin, and with arresting clarity the words rang through his tortured brain: "Thou shalt not kill."

The knife was stayed in midair, only a tiny scratch drawing a few drops of blood from directly over her heart, as the knife fell from his trembling hands. "God's truth shall be answered then with God's truth," he breathed, as he jerked the frightened girl to her feet and shoved her backwards into the same cruel hedge. "An eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth."

The thick skin and abundance of clothing protected her, and she quickly freed herself, shocked into the realization of what she had done — her great round eyes staring from an ashen face, pleading for forgiveness.

All night the repentant slave crouched on the floor outside the door of the nursery, where the long, hard fight for the baby's life began. Only the little one's big blue eyes peeped out from the bandages in which Dr. Austin — cursing and crying as he worked — swathed the tiny body from top to toe. Faithfully

standing by, Aunty Austin wiped the blinding tears of unmitigated wrath from his eyes.

In the next few tense weeks of that dreadful year little Virginia, who had flown into the world on the wings of the war, had won out over the Grim Reaper again, and the sweet little smile came gradually back to bring light and hope to the frightful world of war madness in which they were living.

On January 28, still bandaged to the shoulders from the wounds of the rose thorns that had torn her arms as she plunged deep into the cruel mass to save her child, Mary Perin held in her arms her fourth little girl — Martha Porter Perin, and the dear Aunty Austin was made godmother of her wee namesake.

Long before it was quite safe to travel, the little group was forced, with 40,000 other New Orleans families, to flee to the comparative safety of the Mississippi hills. Franklin had acquired land and a small house in lieu of payment of a lawsuit some years before in Summit. It was to this refuge that they fled now.

CHAPTER XLII

MITTIE'S trunks were packed for Chapel Hill, where since the death of Lawson Porter, they had decided the heartbroken little girl might more easily adjust herself to her great bereavement. But overwhelmed at the last minute at going alone to Texas, Mittie listened to the pleadings of the sweet, brown-eyed Frank Blackbourne, and they were married as the stagecoach disap-

peared in a cloud of dust that was supposed to be carrying the young fifteen-year-old to college.

Mary knew nothing of this until Aunt Mary Buford got word to her that the happy runaway couple had come straight to her and were safe at Oak Lawn till time for Frank Blackbourne to join his company and take off for Richmond, Virginia.

The events of those next terrible months have been woven over and over again in the familiar tapestry of war. This one, though, was to leave its merciless scars on our own land for generations to come. A people fighting among themselves — a nation tearing its own body and soul apart and leaving only the mutilated remnants from which to rebuild. We might here pause to pay tribute to Daniel Clark, fine old Irish millionaire statesman-diplomat, forgive him his wild oats with the Frenchwoman, and place a laurel wreath on the silent tomb in old Saint Louis Cemetery for the greatest stroke of diplomacy and colossal business acumen ever recorded in history — the purchase of Louisiana from the French, which history credits him with arranging, instead of the bloody bargain of war.

Would there would rise up a Daniel Clark in every generation, one equipped with such judgment and business skill as to use money with strategy and sanity in adjusting the differences between nations, instead of draining the lifeblood from its future.

CHAPTER XLIII

On August 9, 1863, Mary Perin stood again in the presence of death and heard the frail old minister, who had kept watch even through the roar of cannon over his frightened flock at Summit, intoning the solemn words of the scripture:

"As the chaff which the wind bloweth away. . . . In my Father's house are many mansions — if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

And in the rude, wartime casket, hand-hewn from one of the ancient trees from his own lands, surrounded by the simple flowers from his own gardens, Franklin Perin — one of the truly great legal forces of his generation — was laid to rest. And Mary found it not in her heart to wish him back, but tried to be grateful to a Heavenly Father for the eight beautiful years of her life with this magnificent personality . . . tried to keep out of her thinking the driving, whip-lashing domination of Myra Gaines, that had shortened the life of this useful, brilliant man. She tried to be thankful for the release of the pain-racked body and tortured mind of this, her husband, with whom there had existed a mutual solidarity of faith, confidence, and adoration.

CHAPTER XLIV

With the declaration of war, the Government declared all payment of claims stopped for its duration,

so Myra Clark Gaines was high and dry again, visiting first one family and then another — going from pillar to post, seeking someone who would help tide her over again.

Of her difficulty in getting through the lines after the Perins left her in Washington little was told until much later on, as they had so begged her to leave when the family left. She had moved into a boarding house near Lawyers Row, and after a few months' inability to pay her rent, she was ruthlessly asked to vacate. Her display of hysteria before the Federal officers in order to get through the lines became less dramatic and a less valuable item of publicity.

Once she was safely through to Richmond, she started again insisting upon action, war or no war, demanding replies to her letters, using her iron-heel methods. The Perins were much too saddened by war and illness to enthuse highly with Myra and her absorbing affairs.

The child of DeGrange and Zulime — Caroline — had proven her origin by her utter lack of resemblance to Clark, and (at the suggestion of the Clark sisters) her willingness to sell her legitimate birthright for the "mess of pottage" of the Clark money by declaring herself the "bastard" child.

While Myra, on the other hand, red-headed, and as like her father as it is possible for daughter and parent to be, fought on with that assurance that comes only through truth and fact undeniable. This confidence from within of the rightness of her claim was evidently backed by a higher tribunal, as through her own faith in her claims she was able to sell herself first to her lawyers, and finally to the world.

This woman's much-publicized strange indifference to her children may have been a throwback to the beauteous French mother, who permitted both her daughters to be taken away from her, and made no fight for them. Myra, at one of her great peaks of

success, laughingly admitted to Judge Perin (when the newspapers headlined "The Case That Was Rocking the Nation"), "Rocking a nation is far more to my liking than rocking a cradle."

Zulime had no pangs of conscience over her marriage to Gardette; she had never considered herself married to Clark, and DeGrange was long gone. She insisted to the very last that the undated contract in the magistrate's office in New Orleans was a temporary appeasement to cover for family and priest. Strangely enough, no hint of gossip of that sort was ever connected with Myra Clark Gaines herself. She was morally above reproach — as her marriage into the two splendid American pioneer families substantiates. Neither the fine old New York Whitneys nor the elegant House of Gaines would have tolerated and sustained a woman of ill repute. The fact of the four-months' discrepancy in the nine which nature required (and has rather steadily clung to throughout time) could be overlooked, perhaps in the light of: "Judge not that ye be not judged," for after all there is truth and there is God's truth. As man sees it and condemns it — as God sees it and forgives it.

CHAPTER XLV

THE WRETCHED WAR was stomping heavily along — roughshod and ruthless, crushing out life and blasting hope. In the small settlement of Summit, Mary Porter Perin, a widow at twenty-seven, with all her husband's estate tied up and six children to steer through the dif-

ficult time, was patient and fearless, and soon learned to buckle on her courage and her double-barreled shotgun and take her stand at the head of the family.

She was an excellent shot — as every woman in the nation had to be at that time. There were occasions when her expertness was called upon to its full measure for the protection of her home.

The rude building they used for a "Meeting House" was improved and made a bit more church-like by the contributions from the few families that gathered each Sunday under the gentle guidance of the frail, sweet servant of God, who had laid to rest her beloved husband. Benches and cushions were lent, and silver goblets were taken from hiding and brought out for communion wine. Mary Perin sent her lovely old Napoleonic candlesticks and her marble-topped table to be used for the Sacrament. The same table had graced the New Orleans home, brought over from France with the great gold mirror and delicate rosewood furniture. Taken with them to Washington and brought back safely, these were now tucked away in the three-room refugee house, which literally bulged at the sides with its treasures.

Only two from her retinue of servants remained with Mary Perin and her five small daughters through the war years in Summit (Young Charles was away with the Crescent Cadets): Naomi, who never ceased to mourn her Indian brave, and the wee Tecumseh — "Li'l' Tee," as she was always called, who was fourteen now. Straight and slim she was, and possessed of the fleetness of foot and quickness of thought and movement of her paternal ancestry.

Within calling distance of the house an indifferent and usually muddy little stream meandered through a deep gully that had been cut through the sandy clay earth by the torrential rains of many, many summers.

It picked its way through a small, thickly wooded section of pale-hued pecan trees, low star-spangled branches of dogwood, and the deep glistening green of age-old magnolia trees, all interlaced with yellow jasmine vines.

This created an enchanting vale, and in the seclusion and beauty of this deep-tangled wildwood Li'l' Tee had established her "wash house." Here she had her tubs in a row and her clothesline strung tight from tree to tree, and carried on the weekly ritual of keeping in order the now very few and wear-weary garments of her white folks.

The distant rumble of thunder one soft spring night, and the welcome downpour that it heralded, was music to Li'l' Tee's ears — it meant fresh, clear water for her tubs and a chance to rub a little whiter the thinning wash that she now flew about the house collecting. At the first intimation of dawn she was up and away to revel in the abundant rush of clean, sparkling water that came tumbling down through the gully.

The bundle of clothes was balanced easily on her head. Gayly she started off down the path, and, with the soft yellow mud oozing up between her toes, she sang as she jigged along: *"In de nighttime — at de right time, so I'se understood — 'Tis de habit of Sir Rabbit to dance in de wood."*

The meager supply of soap did double duty this morning and the straight-backed young girl smiled with unbounded pride over the whiteness of her clothes as, toward noon, she was finishing up. She was hanging the full, long-sleeved nightgowns, pinning the arms straight out so that the little ruffled cuffs would dry more evenly and "flute prettier," for rain or shine, peace or war, the fluting iron was a piece of equipment necessary to the dignity of every Southern woman. If all the ruffles on cuffs, collars, and pinafores were duly fluted, all was not lost.

As Tee was fastening the last of the cuffs, her native alertness caught the faint, faraway thud of horses' hoofs.

"Yankees," she breathed, and stood frozen in her tracks, till she measured their distance and speed. They were coming rapidly now, and on the road that crossed the gully in sight of her wash house. Too late to make it to the house — so she deliberately took from its hiding place her old musket that she kept always close at hand, and returned to the clothesline. Safely out of sight behind the voluminous nightie, she released the pin from the cuff, slipped the barrel of the gun through the long sleeve, trained it on the clearing where the road crossed, and waited.

There were only four of them — on a foraging mission from their company in bivouac near Tupelo, a Captain, his two men, and a ragged, bony black man bringing up the rear.

The clothesline fluttered grotesquely, the slight breeze puffing up the garments like balloon people in a circus. They glanced toward the "wash," saw nothing (apparently) of interest, so rode on up toward the house; and the long nightgown sleeve slowly turned and followed them, with the white ruffled muzzle of the shotgun on its mark.

Mary heard them coming and took her usual position in the corner of the small room, facing the door — her two babies clinging to her skirts. Her hands hung innocently at her sides, the right one steadying in the folds of her full, wide skirt the double-barrel of her trusted old gun.

The three older girls were in the kitchen with Naomi, where Mame had just taken from the oven the weak, makeshift cornstarch pudding she had tried to concoct for the babies.

Without the formality of knocking, the three sol-

diers burst into the room. Mary drew herself up to her full height, and with the intonation and hauteur of a queen, said: "Good evening, gentlemen."

This was not just what they had expected, but they went on with the ransacking of the house, taking from the cupboards what food there was, when the Captain suddenly got a whiff of the pudding — rather savory in spite of the scanty ingredients. He made a dive for it as he ordered: "Three spoons now, my girl."

But the indignant Mame stood her ground and looked him through, until her mother said: "My child, get the spoons for the Captain."

Her big, brown eyes slowly filled with tears, and as she placed the spoons on the table she cried: "I don't guess you have any little sisters at home, you old Yankee, you."

Mary's fingers closed around the gun, as she felt sure now that they would strike the child for her defiance, but instead a very red-faced young man stammered his astonished apologies and backed out of the room.

Perhaps he did have a baby sister at home, or perhaps he decided that the glory of warfare lay not in depriving hungry children of scant rations. He had left the Negro on guard at the gate, and as a big face-saving gesture before his subordinates, the chagrined Captain ordered the boy to take his mount, saying that he'd ride that pretty white horse, he could use another horse in the company; so poor old Lady, in her hideaway under the lean-to back of the house, had been discovered.

As the Captain started toward the beloved old family pet, Mary Perin's voice came through the lattice of her tiny porch from which she was watching the pro-

cedure: "Sir, you will kindly not touch that horse. She is too old to be of service to you, anyway."

"Sorry, Madam," he answered, and stalked on toward Lady. He did not see the muzzle of the gun poked through the little square window of the lattice, but as he reached for the forelock of the horse, Mary's well-aimed fire bit the soft mud at his feet. The frightened horse reared, and the Captain, suddenly changing his mind, grabbed his own mount, and cursing, ordered the ragged black boy to go get the horse and bring her along.

"Yassir, boss," he answered meekly, as the Captain wheeled and headed for the clay road. Had he looked back he would have seen the broad smile that covered the dirty face as he went toward the horse. Perhaps, too, he might have heard Lady's low neigh of recognition as the Negro swung himself easily up and put both arms around the animal, patting her gently on her shoulder, laying his face against her neck, and then following the soldiers.

As the first horseman dashed by the opening on the clay road, the nightgown sleeve spoke, and with a yell the young Captain fell to the ground. Tee was taking her second aim for the rider of Lady, who was coming through the woods and directly by her clothesline, when a husky voice called out desperately: "Shoot high, Li'l' Tee, shoot over my head, baby," and stunned into obedience, she fired high and safely over his head. The soldiers, gathering up their wounded Captain, looked back as the Negro slid from the horse and crumpled to the ground. He raised up and called out to them: "Ride on, Mr. Soldiers, I'se daid, don' stop fer me, dese trees is loaded, run whilst you kin," and dropped his head to the ground.

Ride on they did, and when the sound of their departure died away, Tee crept shakily out from behind the nightgown and ran to join her mother and

Mrs. Perin and the girls, to investigate the mysterious victim and bury him.

As Mary knelt beside the dirty bundle of rags, the "corpse" raised his head and she looked into the gaunt, half-starved face of Lige, her little stable boy, Cindy's "slimpest one," who was lowered down the chimney at Sabine.

"Stay where you are till dark," she whispered, and as the thankful tears flowed in little muddy rivulets down the weary, seamed face, he whispered: "I'se come from Marse John in Virginnie wid all de news fer you."

Quickly the three women set about covering "the body" with branches and even placing a handful of wild flowers on top of the mound, as Mary said: "Is your master all right?"

"Yas, mam, but a lot more is happened."

"Don't try to talk more now," said Mary, as she felt sure the soldiers were watching them through the trees.

They had ridden back a short distance; then, assured by the ritual that was taking place that the Negro was truly dead, rode quickly on with their wounded officer.

At dusk, slipping from beneath the branches that covered him, the stable boy crawled on his stomach to the back door of the little house, where the eager group had waited through the long, long hours of the afternoon for the protective shadows of nightfall to make safe his coming.

After Naomi had fed him, cautiously, because the ravages of starvation had set in, his story was unfolded just as John Porter had drilled it into his memory, not daring to send a written word.

In August, 1864, John Porter had been made Chief

Gunner in his Battery, holding the rank of Corporal. He had seen active service in every battle of the Army of Northern Virginia. During the year-long siege of Petersburg, in October, 1864, he had been badly wounded in the knee and sent to a Louisiana hospital. He had stayed there three months; then he was allowed to rejoin his regiment. On his way back he was captured by the Yankees, but managed to escape from prison and make it through to the Washington Artillery.

The Negro's trip on foot was sketched briefly, and at times hysterically, by the frightened Lige, as the memory of one capture and escape after another came back. Nights in the woods tramping along, to hide out by day. One whole long morning spent in the high limbs of a tree as the Federal Army marched grandly by under his very feet. He was caught many times and whipped almost into unconsciousness for information which they knew he must have, but never did they get an item of importance from the slave — a striking example of the unspeakable loyalty of the Negro body guard for the young Marster.

After the recital of his own troubles in reaching Mississippi, there was silence for a while. Mary knew he had something of deeper significance to tell her, so gently urged him on to tell her the rest. Lige slid to his knees, covered his face with his hands, and prayed: "Lord-a-mighty, hep me to tell her dis."

"Yes, Lige," Mary Perin whispered, "go on."

And brokenly he sobbed out the news that her beloved brother 'Lias had died of dysentery — that dread army disease that claimed almost as many lives as did the enemy's bullets.

Four months later, on his way down, Lige had made it to Somerville, Tennessee, where Elizabeth, 'Lias' lovely wife, and her sisters Mollie and Jennie had fled to the protection of the relatives. A few days after her arrival there, the heartbroken young widow gave birth

to a little son. She had named him Elias Washington, for his father.

Marse Jimmie was all right, but Marse William was badly wounded and in a Yankee hospital. Dr. Will Austin was trying to arrange an exchange of patients so that he could have him in the big base hospital near Richmond, which he supervised.

Far into the morning the recital continued in subdued voices, till finally, entirely done-in, the exhausted boy fell asleep, his mission completed at last, and safe for the first time in five months. The gentle Naomi slipped her own pillow under his head and bedded him down.

Too crushed with the news of her brother's death to sleep, and still fearful of the possible return of the soldiers for the prisoner, Mary Perin kept watch over her little household till the morning light assured her that so far all was well. Then she drifted off into deep and sorely needed sleep.

CHAPTER XLVI

WITH THE COMING of dawn the three older girls decided there must be an appropriate marker to further convince the populace, and whoever might ride by, of the authenticity of the vine-covered grave. So they found a piece of board, and with bright purple elderberry juice began the elaborate inscription, embellished with drawings of doves.

But the wording drew the three little heads together in heavy pondering. Mame started "Here lies," when little Louisa interrupted: "No, you cannot say that; he does not lie there, he lies on our kitchen floor safe and sound. That would be a story, Mame."

"Well, then," Clyde suggested, "we could say 'Here layed for awhile a faithful slave!' "

"No, they'd catch on then and know he did not lie here long," argued Mame. "How about 'Here fell a soldier from his horse.' "

"He did not fall," corrected Louisa, the paragon of the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

This went on for hours and finally, to ease everybody's conscience and create the impression necessary to suspicious readers, they pulled the soft dirt up and patted it in shape, replaced the green branches carefully, and stuck the head marker in, which read:

HERE SLID A FAITHFUL SLAVE

OFF OF A HORSE.

UNDER THESE BRANCHES LAYED A HERO

OF THE CIVIL WAR FOR AWHILE

MARCH 10TH, 1865.

Only a few weeks later the little Perins had their eyes glued to the tiny window, peeping through the shutter, as a full company of Federal troops on the march passed through the village. They saw an officer with a bandaged arm fall back and draw rein by the improvised grave, and their hearts went pounding with terror for fear he might call them to account if he should discover their secret.

With an uneasy glance toward the thickly wooded section whence had whizzed the unexpected bullet that had winged him, the officer turned to the inscription and smiled as he pushed aside the now very dry branches, and scraped the ground with the toe of his

heavy boot. "Just as I thought," he mused; "the lengths to which these Southerners go to protect their servants. Ten to one that boy belonged to this family; come to think of it, there was some sort of an understanding between him and that white horse. Who thought this war up, anyway?" And the girls saw him laugh as he remounted and followed the disappearing column.

So intently was the household watching the passing parade that not one of them knew when Mame left the room. Quietly she slipped off to the turn in the road, where she hid until rather deliberate hoofbeats told her the lingering Captain was coming.

She saw him glance toward the house, and then saw his look of surprised admiration when he discovered the big, brown eyes smiling up at him from the parted branches of a little clump of trees by the roadside.

Love stands not in awe of enemy lines nor army orders, but weaves her spell often with fantastically contrasted elements.

Youth plays her own war games, plans her own absurd strategy, and the slim young Yankee Captain, though shot by her slave, shot at by her mother, all but killed by her horse, had carried the memory of the girl with the soft brown eyes in his heart, and purposely routed his Company through Summit, braving the mysterious "shooting trees" and the tiny, belligerent latticed porch, in the fond hope of seeing her again.

Quickly he dismounted, hardly believing it could be true, took her outstretched hands in his: "I'm so glad you came out; I wanted to see you again and tell you how sorry I am that I frightened you so that day."

"And I'm sorry I didn't let you have the pudding; you must have been hungry," the blushing, fluttering little Mame stammered.

"Will you let me write to you? Tell me your name; here, write it down." The Captain spoke hurriedly now, as his men were well out of sight, and drew from

his pocket a scrap of paper and a pencil and held it while she wrote: Mary Ellen Perin, Summit, Mississippi.

The scrap of paper was folded tenderly in his wallet, and the pretty Southern girl was gathered up in his arms behind the kindly shield of the little clump of trees.

"You know that I love you, don't you," he breathed, kissed her waiting lips long and tenderly, and was gone, tearing off at breakneck speed to overtake his command.

Her absence still unobserved, Mame slipped shakily back into the house and was demurely sitting in the corner of the kitchen with the big family Bible open before her when the little watching party turned away from the windows.

"Poor lamb," sighed her mother, "turning to the Good Book when she was so frightened at the appearance of the Federal soldiers."

But she was somewhat puzzled when she glanced over her "poor lamb's" shoulder and saw her marking — not such a text as "Be thou not afraid," but to her amazement her oldest daughter was heavily underscoring "Love thine enemies."

"Ma, do you believe the Bible means that if you loved your enemy enough, he would soon become not an enemy?" soulfully asked Mary Ellen Perin.

While her mother was weighing her answer, Li'l' Tee suddenly remembered the "in-the-flesh" Lige. "Wonder where is he at?" she whispered.

"Like as not hid under the house," answered Naomi. "Mouten 'er passed plumb out when he seed dat same feller what caught him slippin' through de lines and brung him here to steal."

She peeped cautiously under the house, behind all

the doors, then softly called: "Lige, boy, whar is you at?"

A slight rustling sound behind the feed trough in Lady's lean-to caught her ear. As she reached in the makeshift stall with a reassuring pat and tiny lump of sugar for the noble old animal, an apparition clad in bright blue-flowered calico rose up from the hay with: "Is dey gone, Naomi?"

"Yas, Lige, for shore dey is moved on, so get out ob dat trough and git to yo chores," bossed Naomi, relieved beyond words to find him safe once more.

Mary Perin had gone through her scanty wardrobe and gratefully contributed her long calico wrapper to make Lige a suit. Naomi had tailored it with skill and pride, all by hand, and truly Solomon in the height of all his glory never managed to attain such magnificence as did Lige when he walked forth in the light of day, fully, though a bit dazzlingly arrayed in his airy and excellent "made-to-order" suit.

Wistfully though, through his own pride at being entirely clothed again, he said: "I sho wisht Marse John had a suit dis fine, Mistis. When he sent me on my way dat day las' year he was barefooted, and he had on a old piece of ragged breeches tied round his waist wid a rope, and dat li'l' old grey shawl you give him to wrop up his haid when he slept in de snow. De whole Washington Ortillary am walkin' all ober de state of Virginnie 'thout no shoes on a-tall, and dyin' mighty fast. It's awful bad, Miss Mary." He was rambling on with far more than he was instructed to give out. Naomi shook her head violently at him as she saw the look of pain cross her mistress' face.

Little they knew that the fateful march across the mountains from Petersburg was under way — that long, heartbreaking trail that led to the courthouse at Appomattox.

That on this day, April 7, 1865, under the immediate direction of General Robert E. Lee, the gallant Washington Artillery, joined by the Donaldsonville Cannoneers (a regiment made up entirely of Louisiana Creoles), and a Virginia battery attached to the Washington Artillery Brigade, was pushing toward the mountains of Lynchburg, nor did they know that on this very night Napier Bartlett, John's comrade-in-arms in the Third Company, was writing in a small weatherbeaten notebook, which one day would be published as *A Soldier's Story of the War,* these words:

> In passing from an old field where the guns had been at work into the woods that separated it from the turnpike, two men were walking just in front of me following their guns which were on before. I heard one say: "*Tout perdu.*"
>
> I asked at once: "What battery do you belong to?"
>
> "Donaldsonville." It was the Creole company; and they might well have added the other words of the great Francis, after the battle of Pavia: "*Tout perdu fors l'honneur,*" — all lost but honor; for well had they done their work from sixty-one, when they came to Virginia, until now, when all was lost, "*Tout perdu.*" It was the motto of the occasion.

And on April 8, he wrote:

> The Washington Artillery have buried and destroyed their guns and gone to the mountains. No formal surrender of the men with General Lee took place. Some of them succeeded in reaching Pres. Davis and acting as his bodyguard.
>
> We fired our last shot today, after three years, nine months service since the first shot was fired at Bull Run.
>
> Gen. Gordon is fighting the enemy in front. We are massed in a sort of natural basin. High land encircles us.
>
> Gordon captures two Napoleon guns from the Federals.
>
> Gordon can't hold out any longer and Lee orders the token of surrender, the "white flag" to be raised.
>
> The Army of Northern Virginia is no more. General Lee had but 8,000 men with arms in their hands this morning. We are surrounded by more than 100,000 of the enemy.

CHAPTER XLVII

In New Orleans, General Butler's Negro soldiers were brawling, cursing and dying under Mary's crystal chandeliers, with their long twelve-facet prisms and the delicate chains of crystal beads festooned from each candle holder to the high centerpoint. Cots, pallets, and hospital necessities were stacked on her floors — those beautiful floors, with their wide thick planks put together with pegs. My, how Mammy Cindy loved those floors, and with what pride she would make the parlormaids go over and over them on their knees, polishing them till the satin grain stood out in a finely drawn pattern!

Mary was not to see her lovely home again, the home she had entered as a radiant bride, nor to know the comfort of the great master bedroom, where her first two children, Louisa Lee and Lydia, were born. But she knew the everlasting oaks were on guard, and the robins were nesting in the quiet grove down toward the river, where her second baby slept undisturbed by the sacrilege above and around her tiny and peaceful little mound.

When the last of the patients were removed from the stately old mansion, the Carpetbag regime took it over for headquarters of the "Freed Men of America."

When order was finally restored to the Crescent City and this organization put out, they set fire to the house as a parting shot. It was damaged beyond repair at that time, and so the establishing of a home elsewhere was undertaken. Her father's home had been in the line of fire and depredation, and the greatest blow of all — beautiful old Elm Grove had been burned to the ground.

But "this too shall pass" — and with the release from war, the wheels of organization began slowly to move once more.

CHAPTER XLVIII

AN EXTRACT from the *Register of Marriages* kept in the Garrison of Gibraltar, 1832.

Daniel Kelley — bachelor
and
Marier Victoria Ruiz — spinster

both residing in the Garrison were married by banns in Kings Chapel on this seventeenth day of December in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred thirty-two by me

J. S. PENING

Chaplain to the forces

GIBRALTAR
December 17, 1832.

Eighteen years later this elegant and very charming British soldier, his scintillating Spanish wife, and their children set sail for America. Daniel Kelley had (on the King's business) paid a short call on the city of Orleans in the territory of Louisiana at one time, and so captivated was he by the flavor of it all that he made up his mind to return with his family immediately upon his release from the Army.

So Mamma and Papa Kelley and their six little off-

spring boarded ship and said goodbye to their native land, to live happily ever after in the gracious old Crescent City. There was Toria, and young Daniel, then Anita, Nicholas, Joseph, and Tito.

The Kelley family was a distinguished one on ship, and was immediately assigned to the place of honor at the Captain's table. All went happily and there was no particular awe of the monstrous gorilla who served table. They were used to these grotesque creatures, as they also were to the sudden visits of the little monkeys that swarmed without warning over the Rock of Gibraltar at yearly intervals. Scientists were baffled over whence they came and whither they went, as the porous rocks gave no clue to the direction or the extent of their subterranean passage.

The training of this fearful-looking animal was one of the Captain's chief sources of pride, and there seemed to exist quite a bond of understanding between the animal and his master. But one day this strange servant spilled a bowl of hot soup down the neck of one of the boys. The Captain knew it was no accident, as the child had been teasing the gorilla on several occasions. However, a severe rebuke was necessary. For the first time in his life he did not accept the correction, but sprang for the throat of his master.

The dining salon was quickly cleared of panic-stricken passengers, as guards rushed to the rescue of the helpless Captain. Frantic at the sight of blood drawn from the throat of his beloved master, the beast became uncontrollable, and escape was the only object as the guards dragged the wounded man out and left the dining salon to the complete destruction of the crazed gorilla.

The deckhands, through the hatches, dashed buckets of cold water in his face till finally, somewhat subdued, and with every dish, piece of furniture, and elab-

orate drape in the ornately appointed salon in ruins, his wrath subsided and he crumpled down, a dejected and spent object in the midst of the havoc he had wrought.

Uneasily, the guards entered and bound him, unresisting, with the heavy chains that were kept in readiness for such mutiny.

But this was the unpardonable offense, and the Captain had him led to the rail of the ship and ordered the animal overboard.

Whimpering and shaking, he crawled up, looked piteously at his master, begging with his small, bright eyes for his life, but sternly the Captain repeated: "Overboard."

The long-clawed paws slowly turned loose the rail, and with a scream of horror long to be remembered, he plunged into the angry waters below.

After letting him struggle till he was nearly gone, they lowered the waiting rescue boat, and the wet, shivering hulk was drawn up to safety.

He was never allowed to serve the passengers again, but the Captain had no more trouble with him. He had learned his lesson and was allowed to continue to serve the Captain in his stateroom alone.

But that harrowing experience, combined with a fearful storm at sea, both incidents threatening the lives of his loved ones, wrought striking changes in the happy soldier, and Papa Kelley walked down the gangplank to the foot of Canal Street an old man, and Marier Victoria Ruiz Kelley wept openly when she saw that the slick black locks of her husband's hair had turned perfectly white on the voyage.

But living went on, and their home was established in the narrow white house on Elysian Fields at Miras, and the little Kelley band grew and prospered in the city of their choice.

When the tragedy of 1861 came around, the prom-

ising young Dr. Dan Kelley joined the Washington Artillery and took off for Virginia, and all through the long, hard years of war, steady friendship was being developed between the dark, good-looking Spaniard and the big blonde John Porter.

It was Dr. Dan who first reached John on the battlefield at Petersburg and dragged him in to safety and first aid, thereby saving from amputation the shattered knee.

And after it was all over, it was the bearded ragamuffin Dan Kelley who insisted that the equally bearded and ragged John Porter go home with him till he could locate his family.

A credulous and frightened (though exquisite) Anita Kelley peeped through a crack in the door as these two unrecognizable tramps knocked loudly for admittance. It was not until Dan smiled and called his sister's name that Anita, sobbing for joy, opened the door and threw herself in her brother's arms.

Then introductions and explanations were in order, and quiet, calm John Porter was swept into the bosom of the fluttering, chattering, effervescent Kelley family, there to abide, as he and Anita were married in '67.

CHAPTER XLIX

WHEN JOHN'S SLAVE had come through Tennessee and stopped to relay all the news to John's brother's family, "Sister Betty," 'Lias' wife, had wept and worried far into the night over the lack of clothes reported

by Lige, and with morning, out came the looms and she and Mollie and Jennie took turn-about with the weaving of cloth to some way get to John for a uniform.

Quickly the necessary yardage was ready; then the problem of getting it smuggled in to John arose.

There was only one way it could be done, decided Sister Betty: "We will take it through the lines ourselves!"

One plan after another was thought up and abandoned; finally, their passes secured, the three women and the little boy 'Lias set out for Virginia, and the yards and yards of finely homespun cloth were wrapped and wrapped around the baby. His big, full dress was squeezed on, and the heavy cape over it all made a neat cover-up job for the contraband goods.

The bulky baby was smiled at and wondered at on all turns, and finally the uneasy group of smugglers came to the last of the sentries.

After the passes were duly inspected, the guard glanced at the baby, who, for some reason known only to himself, smiled broadly and disarmingly at him. The severe look melted and he reached out and took the baby from his mother's arms.

"This is the end, Mollie," her sister whispered; "he will discover the cloth and we will all be put in the guardhouse." Frozen like statues, the three women waited and watched in horror while the happy guard threw the baby up in the air and caught him in his arms time and time again, amid the delighted shrieks and chuckles of the overstuffed and heretofore miserable child.

Finally, slightly panting for breath, the soldier handed the baby back to Betty, wiped the perspiration from his brow and beamingly remarked: "That's a helluva fine boy you've got there, ma'am."

Betty managed a stiff smile as she thanked him, and, fairly clutching the little 'Lias, marched on

through the lines and finally to the safety of John's tent, where the gay and cunning young deceiver was unwound of his contraband, acclaimed the hero of the hour, and the famous Washington Artillery personnel of the 3rd Company vied with each other in the honor of riding him on their shoulders. John Porter laughed and cried by turns, as he held tight in his arms this little boy whose father had not lived to see him.

All too soon the time permitted them to visit camp slipped by, and the girls started their return trip with a much thinner and most reluctant infant.

Never had this young gentleman had such fun in all his twelve-months' existence, and to leave the gayety and attention of these hungry-hearted men of the Confederacy was too much for him. He yelled and howled and kicked, but Betty held him like a vise when the genial guard offered to take him again.

"No, sir," his mother whispered dramatically, "he's having a tantrum, and it would not be safe for you to touch him."

On down to the waiting stagecoach they carried him, his arms and legs flying in all directions and his lusty shrieks soaring above the rattle of the coach as it disappeared round the curve toward the railroad station.

The guard stared after them down the road, mystified over the strange disease.

"Tantrums," he said to himself. "That must be a blankety-blank-blank of a sickness. Never heard of it in my life, but it sho is a heller to pull the flesh off a fine youngun in a hour's time like that. Too bad is all I got to say, just pitiful." He shook his head sadly, shifted his gun to the other shoulder, and took up his ten paces — 'bout face — ten paces — 'bout face, routine.

Preparations for the tailoring of the precious cloth

were abruptly stopped, as scarcely had the girls gotten safely on their way when the order came to leave Petersburg, and the retreat began.

The cloth was kept safely through it all, though, by a kind friend John had made while there, and later gotten on to the New Orleans address still in the yardage.

And now the sacred material was tailored into the handsome uniform that was to be worn at his wedding.

On June 8, 1867, at old Christ Church, Rev. Mr. Hedges officiating, John Richard Porter and Anita Kelley were joined in holy matrimony. John's comrades-in-arms Napier Bartlett, Frank McElroy, E. L. Jewell, Dr. Dan Kelley, Joe Blanchard, and Jas. Keatin were his groomsmen,* and the bride and groom entered the church under the crossed bayonets of the 3rd Company of the Washington Artillery.

CHAPTER L

THIS WEDDING was the first semblance of reunion of the Porter family for many years. Only John and the happy-go-lucky Jimmie came back from the war.

Mary had gathered up her little girls and her two faithful servants and come back to the city, but Lady was too feeble to make the trip, so Lige had begged to stay in Summit to "keep care" of her. The boy had

* These were John Porter's close friends, but there is a doubt that all of them attended him at the wedding, as every third man in the Washington Artillery was killed. — A.C.P.

had his fill of travel, and was never strong after his walk from Petersburg, Virginia, to Summit, Mississippi.

So the two old cronies lived it out in the quiet piney woods, doing little chores for the community — lazy and happy in their simple tasks. Lige swept the church out, pumped the organ, and pulled the bell rope that sounded through the sweet stillness of the Sabbath morn the call to worship from the deep throat of the big old bell, grown rusty through its long years of war silence.

As regularly as the Sunday sun rose, the rickety remnants of Mrs. Perin's handsome surrey were roped into shape. The beautiful old horse, perfectly groomed, was put into harness, and Lige, dressed and shined up in his fine blue-flowered calico suit, went forth in superb dignity. These two, strictly to the manor born, drew up at the gate to drive the preacher to church in state.

Lovely Terrene Place at Rosedale had been restored to Elias Reese Porter and Sophie McGhee Porter, after having been occupied but not destroyed by the Yankees. So they were to be at the nephew's wedding with young daughter Martha, who was engaged to Captain John Hampton Jarnigan.

Betty's father — the inventor James Parrey Porter — left his gun factory in Springfield, Massachusetts, safely manned by his two excellent foremen, Mr. Smith and Mr. Wesson, and came by to pick up his daughter and the slightly less rambunctious three-year-old 'Lias, to journey on down to New Orleans for the big event.

Jimmie and Annie were re-established in their home on Esplanade with their tiny "Maydie" (another Mary Young), Hal, and Minnie Louise ("Lou") Porter and the baby, John.

And so the Porter clan was drawn back together for the brief and happy occasion, picking up the broken threads of the family and trying to start over.

CHAPTER LI

MARY ELLEN (MAME) PERIN, had corresponded steadily with her Captain, and now he was coming to see her.

Desperately she was trying to make herself fetching to meet him (entirely without the knowledge of her family) at the boat.

There were no new clothes yet for the war-stricken little Perins. Old finery was dragged out and revamped with a bright touch here and there to enliven the spirit of its wearer. "Tilters"* were still being made of dried honeysuckle vines, and in a little shop on Canal Street Mame had spied a big artificial pink rose. It was made of linen and had a leaf and a bud, and the thought of how that would revive her old straw hat fairly drove her into a state of frenzy. But it cost fifty cents and Mame did not possess fifty cents. Neither could she dare approach her Ma for money for a non-essential purchase, much less for beautifying herself for this big clandestine appearance.

So she went home to see what she could find to sell. Solemnly she sat in the middle of the room — too crowded anyway with the furniture they had clung to through it all. Suddenly she remembered the small, second-hand furniture shop she had passed on her way home. Back she went, and approached the "Carpetbagger" dealer. A short while later his wagon drew up at the door and in a few moments, for fifty cents, the lovely old solid mahogany dresser went the way of many noble pieces of that trying era. Whether it was for a loaf of bread or a big pink rose, out of such necessary sacrifice came Royal Street — that fabulous avenue of priceless antiques.

* Bustles.

Mame clutched the fifty-cent bill and flew to the emporium on Canal, then marched triumphantly home with the pink rose with its green leaf and little pink bud. Ma would not notice perhaps that the dresser was gone for a few days, and by then she would be married and gone. She needed the rose far more than the dresser, anyway. She would write back and beg her forgiveness and all would be well.

Quickly she packed her meager belongings, donned the modish and very handsome creation she had cleverly designed, and barged forth — the pink rose leading the way — to the levee.

Flushed and fluttering, heart pounding against the stiff stays of her breathlessly laced corset, she saw him start down the gangplank. He looked quite handsome — but not so handsome as he had looked in uniform. Her interest began slightly to wane, but she couldn't back out now; she had promised to marry him and she'd go through with it. He was coming toward her now, chatting with a tall man with black, black hair, and such big brown eyes.

The long, tall, easy-going stranger had come aboard at Memphis. The two men fell into conversation on deck, and quite a friendship developed. He must meet the girl he was coming South to marry; so the three of them walked together toward Canal Street and the little church where Mame had the preacher staked out.

Mame never told just how it all came about, beyond the fact that he had such pretty brown eyes she all-of-a-sudden knew she loved him. Anyway, the young Captain must have become reconciled to the deal, for he not only stood as best man at what was to have been his own wedding, but also stepped forward nobly when the preacher said: "Who giveth this woman - - - ," thus returning brideless to the boat that night while Mame sped away on the Jackson Railroad, the

blushing bride of the tall, dark, and big-eyed William Strahan.

As the train creaked slowly out of the yards, Mame saw the lights of the dear old city — one by one — come winking through the dusk. She had managed somehow to pull her enraptured gaze away from her suddenly acquired husband's "pretty brown eyes" and pressed her face close to the window to watch as the tracks crossed Gentilly Road. Clearly she saw the triple spires of the old St. Louis Cathedral rise above the dark blur of the underslung city in lingering outline against the amber light thrown back from the river, into the late sky.

It was Wednesday, prayer meeting night, and she knew Ma and Lula and Clyde were on their way to Old Felicity Church with their little hymn books under their arms. Or were they! The horrible wonder of what had happened when they found the note stuck on Ma's pincushion swept over her like a tidal wave. What had she done? It would break Ma's heart, and anyway she had not married the Captain from Philadelphia; she was not on the boat that sailed at 7 P.M. from the foot of Canal Street, as she had told them in her note of farewell.

Before the beaming and astonished bridegroom knew what was going on, Mame had mounted the red plush seat and yanked the bell cord.

"William, come on quick, I'm a liar," she gasped, grabbing him unceremoniously by the back of his high celluloid collar as the train jerked to a convulsive stop.

The engineer ran back, the conductor ran front, passengers poked their heads out of the windows. Everybody was shouting at everybody else: "Who pulled the bell cord?"

But in the gathering darkness only the brakeman at the rear, swinging his lantern, saw the guilty pair scramble off and speed away, hand in hand

Puzzled, he watched. The big pink rose towering

far above the crown-line of the hat nodded knowingly at him, as though well aware that she was guiding the Prodigal (of three hours' duration) back home. Then they were lost in the maze of narrow streets.

The lantern swung its circular signal to the engineer, the train gathered herself together again and puffed off into the night, two passengers lighter.

CHAPTER LII

COOK AND SARGENT had been appointed executors of the estate of Mary Porter Perin's husband, and began to pay on the sale of lands in Duluth and Davenport. John was appointed custodian of the Gaines money, which was now beginning to come in from the '61 judgment.

Mrs. Gaines — somewhat subdued — had tried to contact Mary Perin while she was in Memphis with her brother's widow, Elizabeth Porter, and the little 'Lias. The General and Myra had lived there some months shortly before his death, and there were many friends in the dear old Bluff City.

The friendship between Mrs. Gaines and Mrs. Franklin Perin was of lasting quality and sound, and the doors of her home were ever open to this now rather pathetic "Child of Adoption." She had tried faithfully to pay back the money borrowed in Washington, and some years later, by friendly suit — Mary F. Perin vs. Myra Clark Gaines — a certain group of lots was taken over by the city and sold at auction,

the money derived therefrom going to Mrs. Perin. Moneys paid in to her by Judge Whittaker amounted to something like thirty-five thousand on the one hundred thousand-dollar fee Mrs. Gaines had lavishly contracted for with Judge Franklin Perin. A copy of this contract was in Mrs. Gaines' possession, and another copy was placed in the strongbox at the old Canal Bank on January 14, 1862.

UNITED STATES MARSHAL'S SALE—

Mary F. Perin et &l. vs. Myra Clark Gaines; No. 8340, in the United States Circuit Court for the fifth circuit district of Louisiana.

By virtue of a writ of alias *pluries fieri facias* to me directed in the above entitled suit. I will proceed to sell to the highest bidder, on THURSDAY, the 27th day of January, 1881, at 12 o'clock m. at the main entrance to the Customhouse on Canal street, in New Orleans, the following described property, viz:

1. TWO CERTAIN LOTS, designated as Nos. 5 and 6 on square No. 55, bounded by Broad Toulouse, St. Peters and D'Orgenois streets, as per plan of F. N. Tourne, of 28th April, 1853, annexed to an act of sale in office of J. Lesbony, notary, dated 7th May, 1853, which lots are contiguous and measure, in American measure, each 31 feet, 3 inches and 6 lines front on Toulouse street, by 10 feet in depth, between parallel lines, together with improvements thereon.

2. EIGHT LOTS in square bounded by Broad, Seventh, Bellechase and Live Oak streets, as per plan of Arthur DeArmas, of the 27th of October, 1871, deposited in the office of E. Lauer, notary public. March 14, 1873, having the following dimensions, to wit:

LOTS 8, 9, 10 and 11, having each a front on Broad street of 29 feet 10 inches and 5 lines by a depth of 100 feet between parallel lines.

LOT No. 12 forms the corner of Broad and Live Oak streets, and has a front on Broad street of 59 feet 5 inches 9 lines and a front on Live Oak of 111 feet 4 inches and 100 feet on the line separating it from lot No. 11, and a width in the rear of 10 feet 9 inches 7 lines.

LOT No. 13 has a front on Live Oak of 143 feet 6 inches by a depth of 70 feet 7 inches on the line separating it from lots 10, 11 and 12, and 126 feet 6 inches 5 lines on the line separating it from lot No. 14, and a front on Seventh street of 7 feet 10 inches 3 lines.

LOT No. 14 has a front of 31 feet, 3 inches, 5 lines on Seventh street, by a depth of 117 feet, 2 inches, 5 lines on the side separating it from Lot No. 15, and 126 feet, 6 inches, 5 lines on the line separating it from Lot No. 13.

LOT No. 15 has a front on Seventh street of 31 feet, 3 inches, 5 lines, by a depth of 117 feet, 2 inches, 5 lines on the side separating it from Lot No. 14, and 107 feet, 10 inces [sic], 1 line on the side separating it from Lot No. 16 with improvements.

3. SIX LOTS in same square and on same plan, having the following dimensions:

LOTS 3, 4 and 5, having each a front on Broad street of 29 feet, 10 inches, 5 lines, by 100 feet in depth between parallel lines.

LOTS 18, 19 and 20, each having a front of 31 feet 3 inches 5 lines on Seventh street.

LOT No. 18 having a depth of 89 feet on the line separating it from lot No. 19, and 80 feet 3 inches 5 lines on the line separating it from No. 17 of same square.

LOT No. 19 has a depth of 70 feet 8 inches 2 lines on the line separating it from lot No. 20, and 80 feet on the line separating it from lot 18.

LOT No. 20 has a depth of 61 feet 11 inches 4 lines on the line separating it from lot 21, same square, and 70 feet 8 inches 2 lines on line separating it from lot No. 19.

4. TWENTY-SIX LOTS, numbering from 1 to 26 inclusive, in square bounded by Broad, Orleans, Sixth and St. Ann streets, being

LOTS 1 TO 15 INCLUSIVE, having a front on St. Ann street of 30 feet 7 inches, more or less, and depth of 86 feet, 10 inches, more or less, between parallel lines; and

LOTS 16 TO 26 INCLUSIVE, with like dimensions of front and depth on Orleans street, and more particularly described in plan of said square by J. A. Bourgeral, dated

24th of December, 1836, and deposited in the office of Felix De. Armas, Notary.

5. Five pieces, squares or portions of ground, situate in the third district, (of this city), as follows:

SQUARE 1963, bounded by London avenue, Habana, Benefit, and Marigny Canal, having 319 feet, 10 inches, 7 lines, front on London avenue, 221 feet, 3 inches, 4 lines, on Habana street, 224 feet and 3 lines on one line on Marigny Canal, and 118 feet, 11 inches, 2 lines, on the adjoining line on Marigny Canal.

SQUARE 1962, bounded by Marigny canal, Benefit, Warsaw and Habana streets, having 346 feet, 4 inches 5 lines front on Marigny canal, 197 feet 3 inches 3 lines on Habana street, 320 feet 1 inch on Benefit street, and 40 feet 4 lines on Warsaw street.

SQUARE 1961, a triangle, having 16 feet 3 lines on Warsaw street, bounded by Warsaw, Benefit street and Marigny canal.

SQUARE 2114, bounded by Warsaw, Benefit and Gentilly road, having 147 feet, 3 inches 1 line on Warsaw street, 229 feet 11 inches 5 lines on Gentilly Road, 133 feet 4 lines on Benefit street, and 149 feet 3 inches 1 line on Warsaw street, and square 2113, having 319 feet 10 inches 7 lines on Habana street, 320 feet 1 inch on Benefit street, 173 feet 6 lines on Warsaw street, 273 feet 9 inches 4 lines on Gentilly road on one line, and 33 feet 2 inches 5 lines on an adjoining line on Humanity street, and 319 feet 10 inches 7 lines front on Habana street, the said admeasurements being more or less. Together with all the appurtenances, etc., etc.

Seized in the above suit.

TERMS — Cash.

United States Marshal's office, New Orleans, 24th day of December, 1880.

JACK WHARTON, United States Marshal.

dec 24 31 jan 8 22 27

CHAPTER LIII

THE YEARS had flown by since the grim war tragedy, and the children had spent happy summers over the lake, growing up in the atmosphere of its charm and wholesomeness, plying back and forth on the *Laura,* with old Captain Joe at the helm. They had romped through Aunty Austin's estate and made playhouses in the roots of the massive John Ruskin Oak, with its leafy span of one hundred and fifty feet (owned now by a Thomas White). They climbed the ancient magnolia trees in Aunt Mary Buford's place (now Gulf Hills Corporation).

Because of a sudden development of bronchial asthma, Dr. Austin had ordered Mary Perin to the Gulf Coast for the winters. So a little house was bought within a few long blocks of Aunty Austin's place, and the long, sweet years unfolded by the healing hand of time lay before them.

The busiest and most important individual taking part in the move was her brilliant-feathered majesty, "Polly," whose antics and wise remarks have gone down into history in book form. Polly was a Rebel from a way back. She knew just as well as a person the great necessity of her silence when the dread call "the Yankees are coming" was sounded, and the children hurriedly covered her cage with a big dark blanket.

Worst of all, she was arrested! In New Orleans, through no wickedness on her part whatever, she had fallen, cage and all, down the banquette from the gallery above, and rolled far enough away from home to be picked up by a pompous turnkey. Seeing at once the value of the bird, he took her straight to headquarters and set her down with a thump of indignation in the lock-up, for Polly had reverted to type, and re-

membering her trip over on a sailing vessel from a Spanish port, had cursed him every step of the way in Spanish, in French, and in a few choice words of English.

> All day long, "Polly" crouched in the corner of her cage, scared to death, and making not a sound. All day long a stream of people came in, ready to claim the bird and give it a home. But "Polly" had her head under her brilliant feathers. Finally just as the sun was going down, the door opened and we walked in. "Polly" saw us, and screamed:
>
> "Oh Babe — Babe, come and get me! The Yankees have had me all day."

Brass buttons and blue uniforms meant just one thing to Polly. The smart old bird was as glad as everybody else to be through with war, and reveled in the high branches of the oaks, and waddled up and down the beach with the children and old "Watch," the dog, barking fiercely at the waves as they receded, but running for his life when they rolled back in at him.

This dog was a gift from Uncle Jim, of course, and there was every evidence that though he was an offspring of Smut and Brownie, somewhere along the line some smart puppy dog had been seeing something of the world and learning about life from other sources than from his mama and papa. His feet were suggestive of a collie and his tail was that of a pointer, but the long slick nose and big appealing eyes ran true to coon-dog form.

CHAPTER LIV

MAME AND WILLIAM were living happily in Poplarville, Mississippi, and now the five little Perins and how they grew was the chief concern of the young widow Perin. And it was with great relief financially that she received the notice of the forthcoming payment of the Gaines claims.

Charles Perin, a member of the Crescent Cadets when released from service, was to graduate soon from college — a full-fledged civil engineer.

Louisa (which had dropped down to "Lula") was receiving marked attention from a certain doctor of high degree in Biloxi — Dr. James Cloud. Little Virginia Franklin was growing up straight, dark-haired, and with the beautifully chiseled features of the adoring father whose name she bore.

Martha Porter had now become "Mat," and was more like her mama than any of the other girls — the same soft brown hair and the same serenity and poise of the graceful Mary.

Clyde was deeply engrossed in the study of music.

About the up-and-comingest town in Mississippi at this time was Water Valley. It had a population of five hundred. It had a postoffice, a bank, an Odd Fellow's Hall (that was also the opera house), Mr. Baron Leland's store on the corner, and the Railroad Shops. The tracks ran straight through the middle, and up the hill on both sides ran the town's main residential streets.

On a civil engineering job of some sort, Charles Perin had been headquartered there, and so pleased was he with the social charm of the little community that he asked that his sister Virginia Franklin visit him.

So, with much shopping, and sewing, and packing

of the many trunks required to carry the hoopskirts, the bustles, the petticoats, and parasols, the young lady took off on her first long journey alone.

My, what a sensation the beautiful sister from New Orleans created when she walked coyly, with eyes barely raised from the ground, down the main street on the arm of Brother Charlie!

Now, the real Beau Brummel of Water Valley was the Postmaster. He sat on a high stool and handed out mail through the tiny window, with a merry twinkle in his Scotch-Irish blue eyes. He knew the population all by their first names, knew all their troubles, knew all the letters they were expecting, and rejoiced with them when they came; tried to find an alibi for them when they didn't. He once said to his friend Charlie Perin: "I believe the hardest thing in this world a man has ever been called on to say, is 'Nothing for you today, Sir,' and 'No, Madam, your letter did not come today — perhaps on the late train.' " When it finally did come he'd run halfway up the length of the town to meet them with it.

This Scotch-Irishman, who always whistled softly, and way off key, while he worked, was the son of a Methodist circuit-riding preacher, Robert Martin, and Elizabeth Mimms Martin. He had one sister, Anna, who sang in the choir. But her brother, Mack Diuguid Leigh Martin, did not sing in the choir. He was the gay young blade who got up the dances, headed up all the "charades" and amateur theatricals (Little Theatre, to you). It was always intriguing that his middle name spelled the same backwards: D-I-U-G-U-I-D.

Charlie had told him of the invitation to his sister. He knew when the letter came from New Orleans in the pale pink scented envelope that somehow fate lay around the corner for the Postmaster and the pretty New Orleans visitor. He was almost hysterical before

Charlie appeared at the little window and the sweet pink letter was reverently put in his hand — instead of being slid through the window in a disrespectful, careless manner.

"Is she coming?" Mack shouted, almost before the careful Charles could take out the letter opener and neatly slit the end of the scented message.

"She is," answered Charlie, and from then on . . . well, the quest started with a walk Sunday afternoon up the railroad tracks, and it ended at the little vine-covered church in Ocean Springs on the 9th of February, in 1880.

CHAPTER LV

THE LITTLE seacoast town buzzed with excitement. The relations and friends from the city were arriving, and the great Bishop, John Christian Keener, long-time friend and pastor of the Perins, read the service. The Bishop, with all the other Methodist dignitaries, had his "tent" at the Sea Shore Camp Grounds, and decided to come over from New Orleans a day ahead for a bit of relaxation before the big wedding in Ocean Springs.

It was unusually warm, and the winter sun shining on the old lighthouse, and the lazy lapping of the Gulf on the hard white sands were just too much for the Bishop. So, he ordered his little "Black Boy" to get his canvas cot and put it on the sands so that he might sleep for awhile in sound of the blessed lullaby of the waves.

This Mighty Man of the Church stretched himself out on the strong canvas cot, with his wide umbrella shading his eyes. The handle was stuck tightly in the sand and the Bishop soon snored off sublimely — so did Black Boy, a few feet away. He was dreaming of the big whale he was about to land, and the sudden dream-jerk of the line brought him to his senses. Sheepishly he roused himself and looked around: "Oh, Jesus, whar am de Biship," he wailed, with true reverence. About that time "de Biship" began to wonder himself, as he sputtered and strangled awake. The tide had risen gradually till it dislodged the cot, floated it up and sailed it out to sea.

On the grounds, at the edge of the beach, the early morning prayer meeting was in session, and as the people rose from their knees and looked out over the blue waters, the weird sailing vessel met their eyes. Frantically, the prayer group turned into a rescue squad, and swarmed into the water after the "head of the church." But Black Boy had caught the floating cot just as it became water-logged in depth far over his head, and the shivering, wet dignitary was hauled in to meet the entire personnel of the grounds wading out to him. Like a big wet Newfoundland, the Bishop shook himself, looked around at his silent, white-faced flock, and then roared with laughter.

Once high and dry in bed for a few hours, with Mother Keener, Sister Mollie, and Sister Emma all pouring hot tea down his throat and rubbing mustard on his feet, he was none the worse for the wetting when "Black Boy," a few shades whiter from his sleeping-on-the-job fright, brought the carriage around to drive them to the boats that would take them to the little church across the bay.

Chris, Emma, and Mollie Keener had grown up with the Austins, and Mary Young Porter and her handsome brothers, both in New Orleans and "over

the Lake," and now here they were with children old enough to be married!

The Bishop's two sons, Sam and Chris, Jr., were at old Centenary College, where Chris, Jr., the instigator and ringleader of all the mischief that went on there, had just distinguished himself by cutting off the tails of every horse at the College — this to the absolute fury of the faculty and the great embarrassment of his father. Surely there must be a peculiar and separate seat of forgiveness for preachers' children. They are always so full of charm and brilliance and compressed deviltry. Steam is bound to push off a lid too tightly clamped on.

Thus mused the mighty man of Methodism as the horses jog-trotted around the point to Back Bay, where the flatbottomed rowboats awaited this important party.

Black Boy tied the team safely to a tree and manned the oars, pushing the boat firmly against the bank to steady it while the Bishop and his wife stepped in and took their seats. Another skiff was required for Mollie and Emma, as it took space for all the panniers, bustles, and crinolines that bedecked these two ladies, who were the "height of fashion and the mode of form."

The soft, rhythmic splash of the rowing set in, and the last rays of a radiant winter day's sun shone on the little drops of water that fell from the lifted oars like golden sequins, as the "li'l' *batteau*" glided smoothly to the Ocean Springs landing.

Dr. Austin's boy was waiting to drive them to the vine-covered sanctuary, which glowed with a hundred candles that threw their soft light on the magnolia leaves and Southern smilax studded with white Camellia Japonicas that banked the altar and chancel rail.

Mame and Clyde and Mat (Martha Porter) were

her bridesmaids, and Lula (Louisa Lee) her maid of honor. Fannie and Mallie Blackbourne (Mittie's two young daughters) scattered waxy white camellia petals up the aisle ahead of the exquisite and ethereal vision who entered on the arm of the beloved "Uncle John."

The bride carried on her little Bible the two specimen camellias from the Stewart home. With such pride these fine old family friends had watched the two flowers opening — in time for the wedding day. They were the first blooms on the small bush carefully planted by the house of the Stewarts at the edge of the immense grove of young pecan trees they had started.*

Mary Perin had faced many things since the girlhood days at Elm Grove, and every step of it was relived in a flash as she saw the first of her daughters kneel at the altar. She felt the hot tears start in her eyes, and gasped a quick little prayer for courage as the deep, bell-like voice of Bishop John Christian Keener rang through the sacred stillness: "Repeat after me, 'I, Virginia Franklin, take thee, Mack Diuguid Leigh . . .' " and the rest of the ceremony was lost in the memories that surged through her heart and brain. The radiant morning that she had given this baby her father's name. How he grew to love her more than any of the other children. The peculiar understanding and companionship that existed between these two — some sacred trust had been given to the lovely child who bore his name, a trust that was to be kept more faithfully than he ever knew, all through the long, long years that were to follow. Could he only have been spared to stand by her side in this hour!

And again Mary Perin fought back the bitterness that so often welled up within her heart against the merciless legal battle that had shortened the life of her brilliant husband. But the weight of her own sorrow

---

* Stewart Paper Shell Pecans.

must not enter here to mar the great happiness of her child. She smiled and was her queenly self once more, as the little melodeon burst into the recessional and the wedding party swept happily out and down to Dr. and Mrs. Austin's, where the reception was to be held.

Black Boy roused himself and scrambled up from the bottom of the skiff where he was sleeping, as the voices of his returning folks came nearer. Mary Perin and Dr. Austin had slipped away from the gay crowd to walk with the Keeners to the landing. The doctor went ahead, swinging the old lantern close to the ground, gallantly lighting up the path to the beach for the be-ruffled and be-satined, slippered *Grande Dames*, who tried valiantly to step in the uncertain circles of its shifting light. Now they were saying goodnight, as the faithful boatmen shoved off for the return trip.

Mother Keener preferred to go back in the skiff with Mollie and Emma, so they could talk over every detail of the beautiful wedding; thus the Bishop and Black Boy had things all to themselves.

Easily the two little boats glided out on the quiet waters; then Mary took her uncle's arm and walked up the long slope from the beach to the brilliantly lighted house to rejoin the festivities and help get Virginia Franklin into her going-away dress, as it was not long now till traintime.

Bishop Keener and his family were halfway across the bay when into the silence of the night there came the long, low whistle of the midnight train for New Orleans.

"She's blowin' fer de station," Black Boy said.

But the Bishop was too lost in thought for conversation, then. . . .

"She's blowin' fer de bridge now, Marse Chris."

And then the Bishop smiled into the darkness as he looked in the direction of the long railroad bridge that

connected the two little towns, and saw the tiny squares of light and the white puff of smoke, as the train, like a phantom glowworm, crawled out on the trestle and headed for "The City."

Black Boy was resting on his oars and the little skiff floated with the tide as they sat there and watched. The long string of lights was nearing the end of the trestle now, and the Bishop was speaking, so quietly that only the listening stars of that misty winter night and the small waves that broke gently against the prow of his boat could have heard: "*For better, for worse . . for richer, for poorer . . in sickness and in health . . to love and to cherish . . till death them do part.*" The train melted into the dark pine woods of the opposite shore and was gone.

"Dar she blow," whispered Black Boy, then quietly put in his oars, righted his boat, and pulled on in to the Biloxi landing.

CHAPTER LVI

SUMMER came to the Gulf Coast and the Sea Shore Camp Ground began to fill up. All the "tent" owners were busy opening up their musty little houses, throwing open the heavy wooden windows, letting the good old Gulf breeze push out the pent-up staleness of winter and make room for the fresh, salty sweetness of summer.

Gumbo pots and heavy iron fish skillets were being scrubbed up, crab nets were being dragged out from

under the house and mended, and fishing tackle was strung all over the place. A bit less on the earth-earthy side were the spreading of fresh sawdust on the ground of the Tabernacle, the scrubbing of the wooden benches, and unboxing of the little melodeon, which would soon be wheezily tuning up to pump forth the grand old hymns of the church.

And while the dignitaries, with their families, their servants, their special sermons, and their mosquito nets, were arriving, old Trune Ryan was painting and polishing up *The Creole* (favorite schooner of the whole coast region) for the sailing parties. And Captain Joe, not to be outdone, had repainted the name *Laura* on his tug, that with great superiority huffed and puffed and steam-whistled the crowds on the long, exciting trips to the Chandeleur Islands, and made special runs to Mobile and New Orleans.

All summer long these two vessels plied the moonlit waves on their matchmaking mission, or braved the sand flies and mosquitoes that went along with the stuffed eggs, fried chicken, and sunburn of the all-day voyages out to the Islands — the five little islands that group themselves far out in the Gulf, as if by arrangement, to protect the pretty beach stretch of the Mississippi Coast. Deer Island is close enough in to go by rowboat (and Captain Joe stepped across it when he was a boy), but the Chandeleur, Ship, Horn and Cat Islands shoulder the brunt of the surf, thereby making safe the sunny stretches of this long, white-sanded playground, one of the few beaches in the world where the trees and the grass grow verdant and beautiful to the very edge of the salt water. Only the Riviera duplicates it (say the globetrotters). Time and tide may have changed the contour of the tiny islands, but perhaps some day an airman, reconnoitering in the far blue reaches, will glance down from his sky-bound plane and tell us if their outlines are still those of a deer, a cat, a horn, and a ship. The Chandeleur got its

name from the strangely beautiful crystal-like shells to be found only on this chain of islands.

Night after night the sailing parties sailed on, and night after night Lula Perin played the guitar and sang "Juanita" and "What Are the Wild Waves Saying," with James Cloud always by her side on the foredeck of the big schooner, while Halsey Werlein whispered sweet poems into Leila Ewing's ear.

The Werleins and the Perins made quite a crowd themselves, and constituted a worthy theatrical group, to the vast amusement and entertainment of the coast colonies. Charades and tableaus and plays — always with Shepard Halsey Werlein as leading man, and Martha Porter Perin the leading lady. Phillip Werlein was the heavy villain and Lula Perin the tragedian (scorning anything less than Shakespeare). For many years this gifted Halsey Werlein was torn between the stage and the ministry, but the ministry finally won out, and he became one of the great lights of the religious world.

Another exciting gay young blade to appear on the social horizon of the Biloxi-Ocean Springs summer was the tall, blond Andrew Allison — home from Virginia Military Institute in all his breath-taking magnificence of heavily braided uniform.

The Allisons lived in the lovely estate at Ocean Springs, where Andrew's father had planted, when a boy, the acorns down the long property line to the bay. The trees were giving such an account of themselves in their fifty-years' growth that already the place was called "Allison Oaks."

Carefully Andrew's mother, Mary Boles Allison, had packed him off to the Military Institute with the required twenty-one pairs of white duck pants, along with the usual supply of towels and socks and sheets, and cup and saucer, plate, knife, and fork and spoon.

And on the happy day of his returning, she got back — besides the handsome cadet himself — one spoon, one sheet, and one pair of pants.

"But, Andrew," said the mystified Miss Mary, "I can understand, of course, the losing of things like knives and forks and linens, but my boy — your pants — what have you done with twenty pairs of pants?"

And finally, after using, unsuccessfully, every alibi he could invent, he gave up pulling any wool over Miss Mary's eyes, and meekly confessed: "Well, if you must know where my pants are, I swapped them to the mountain boys for peaches. They came into Lexington every Saturday with them, and I just felt that I needed the peaches more than the pants."

"But what of inspection — how did they not send you home for not being spic and span?"

"Oh, but Mama, I was spic and span. I've washed this pair every night for the last two weeks and I gave the cook all my linen towels and sheets to iron them and slip them back to me before morning."

Andrew's father was listening, safely around the corner and out of sight, but having eaten Virginia Mountain peaches in his own day, and thereby knowing full well that the "game was worth the name," he appeared just in time to rescue his son from the wrath fast coming.

Andrew was spending his vacation sailing, crabbing, and picnicking all week and singing hymns on Sunday, out of the same little song book with the gentle-voiced Martha Porter Perin, and by the time the summer ended and Andrew left sorrowfully for Virginia Military Institute, Martha had blushingly raised her lovely eyes and promised to wait for him till he finished college. His brother, Alexander Allison, and George W. Cable were heavily courting the Bartlett sisters, and Dr. James Cloud had completely succumbed under the spell of "Juanita" and Lula's guitar

and had made her set the date. So love was in the air.

But only too soon the sudden equinoctial squalls were ushering in September, and crab lines were giving way reluctantly to schoolbooks, and the trek back to the city started.

Halsey Werlein and Leila Ewing were married that fall in New Orleans. So were Lula and Dr. Cloud, and they went straight to the settling of their home in Water Valley, where Virginia Franklin and Mack Diuguid had established themselves.

The wooden windows were bolted on the Camp Ground, and the *Laura* went back to New Orleans. Trune Ryan hauled the *Creole* into drydock for the winter, as the lines of white were threading a sullen sea.

The tall pine trees whistled through their teeth to barefoot boys in their small sailing craft to start putting on their shoes and stockings. The seagulls gave their shrill little cry, wheeling out in wide circles into a high and windy sky.

Summer had stopped, and the birdnests were strangely empty in the dark magnolia trees that stood in Mary Perin's little yard in Ocean Springs.

CHAPTER LVII

AND SO Water Valley became the locale of the little Perins. Lula and Virgie had gone back to Ocean Springs and moved their mother and sister Mat, and all their belongings, to Water Valley with them. Too

long had this little band stood together to separate them now, so Mary Perin bought the great big house at the top of Panola Street for Lula, and at once they started making preparations for Mat's wedding in June.

Thus the three little Perins founded their homes there in the fine old town which Brother Charlie had been so happy in — where Virgie went to visit him at Aunty May's and had met "Diug" Martin.

They were sound little Mississippi homes, with Maréchal Niel, Mamon Cochet and Malmaison roses growing all over the place, morning-glory vines climbing through latticed back gallery, and honeysuckle vines covering, with great privacy, the small house in the far corner of the backyard. There were black cross-legged bamboo tables, with fringe all around the top, that always stood by the front door of the best homes, and several pink-lined conch shells reposed artistically on the floor by the table.

Each girl had her "Samplers" — some their mother had made in Chapel Hill, together with the wax flowers under glass, and some she had taught them to make during the long, tortuous days and nights of the war winters. "God Bless Our Home" hung over the parlor mantelpiece, and the "Twenty-Third Psalm" in the dining room. "W-E-L-C-O-M-E" was laboriously threaded into the mat for the front door, only this was a genuine and honest little mat and meant what it said.

Lula's house was imposing, as it stood high up on stilts at the very end of Panola Street, and looked straight down to the depot. That left a big above-ground basement under the house, which was latticed in and was perfect for dumping all the outmoded things of the preceding generation. Under there went the rosewood and hand-carved mahogany, upholstered in horsehair cloth, and the Martins, Clouds, and Allisons swam into the blissful era of "Fumed Oak." The bronze and crystal candelabra were stuck out of sight

under the house, as nobody used those things now. The epitome of elegance was swinging lamps with red roses and green leaves hand-painted on the big white glass shades. The bowl of this contraption held coal oil, and a wick which had to be trimmed by pinching off the black charred rim, and a fat-bellied chimney that smoked every time the wind blew. They pulled down by long scraping brass chains to light them, then scraped back up again (if the chains worked). Usually they stalled halfway up, so that the sharp end of the fancy brass pull caught the top of your head unless you detoured.

Then there must always be "lighters" festively displayed in a big vase on the mantelpiece. Your grandmother taught you to make lighters by cutting a long strip of paper an inch wide and twisting it into about an eight-inch funnel effect, pinching the last two inches into a pleated section, which served as a fire protection. This end you lighted in the fireplace and then ran to the lamp before the blaze cut through the pleats and down your arm. In summer you had to come all the way from the kitchen stove, which never was allowed to go out.

So, by and large life was sweet, and the fires burned high in the "Fumed Oak" age and served to usher in the next generation of Porter-Perins in a big way.

The first of Mary Perin's grandchildren to appear on the scene was Virginia's little boy, whom she named Franklin for his illustrious grandfather, and Leigh for his own dad. The next little boy was Perin Martin, who lived only eighteen short months. From then on the family names came tumbling down in various combinations and variations. Sisters named their children for sisters, and the compliment was returned, with only now and then a complete departure.

Mattie Allison and Andrew named their three little

girls Martha (for Aunty Austin, of course), Minnie Louisa (for the sweet Aunt "Mittie"), and Kate Boles for the Allison grandmother.

Virgie's little girl was given Anna for her dad's sister (who sang in the church choir), and Clyde, for the older Perin sister.

Mame had died and left two little ones, Clyde and another Virginia, and sister Clyde raised them, but Lula Cloud left the family trail somewhat and called her two girls Velma Perin and Hazel.

Thus young Franklin Leigh Martin held the whip row over the six little girls who idolized him. He reigned supreme as the only grandson till the dreadful Christmas morning when the candles were snuffed out on the gift-laden trees, and the song of the carolers died in the hearts of the singers, for the lovely life of Martha Perin Allison had been given up after the birth of the son whom she and Andrew had planned to name for the beloved brother Charlie.

And on New Year's night, pneumonia, contracted in the wilds of a railroad camp in the Rockies, claimed the life of Charles McMicken Perin, who was a member of the crew of expert civil engineers whom the United States Government had sent out to put the first railroad across the Divide. From Trinidad (his headquarters) came the beautiful letters and clippings paying tribute, and from his close friend George R. Deuise came this letter:

My dear Mrs. Perin,

Thank you for your letter of helpfulness — you are doubtless aware before now of the further affliction which the hand of a Wise Divinity has seen it best to visit upon the sorrowing hearts of yourself and your remaining dear ones. I wish I could comfort you.

He died without the knowledge of his sister's illness; had you thought of the sweet surprise, at finding himself anticipated in the Heavenly Home by the loving sister, and how

they can share together the first joys of the Wondrous Love that fills the New Jerusalem, and explore together the dazzling beauties of the City of God.

With loving sympathy,
George R. Deuise

Trinidad, Colo.

Sometimes as I read the crisp, yellowed sheets of these old letters, tenderly kept through the years, and retrace the events of her life, I wonder if my grandmother could have gone on and lived had she known, as now I know, what lay ahead. But it is only great heights that throw great shadows, and mountaintop experiences that light us through the valleys. Somehow she knew the inner source of strength and met the loss of her two children in the immediate need of the readjustment that comes after the complete stoppage of things by death.

Virginia and Mack Diuguid went to Colorado and drew great comfort from the long talks with George Deuise, and brought back to his mother intimate personal effects of the beloved son, while in Water Valley. Grandma Allison had taken baby Charlie to Allison's Wells. Lula and Mary Perin were moving Mattie, Kate, and Minnie Louisa under their wing in the big house on Panola Street, and picking up the shattered hopes and dreams of Mattie and Andrew's once gay little home, piecing them together as best they could in a workable pattern of living for the broken family.

The long-forgotten ebony trunk of Myra Gaines was still in the attic of Mrs. Perin's house, and the big bundles of her husband's papers, letters, and briefs still lay in the bottom of her own great trunk, carefully packed as he had left them.

Mary Perin was anxious to get the trunk back to Myra, so a meeting was arranged in Memphis, as

brother 'Lias' wife, Betty, had begged her to come away from Water Valley for a visit with them. John Porter had put Mrs. Gaines safely aboard her boat for the North.

So she tucked the awkward "trunk" under her arm and left for the dear city on the Chickasaw Bluffs — which, next to New Orleans and little Ocean Springs, held more of her heart.

The young 'Lias was the apple of his Aunty Perin's eye, and the visit was timely, as the tenderhearted, handsome nephew did much to heal the new wounds. Little 'Lias had assumed the care and support of his pretty mother, his Aunt Mollie, and Uncle Joe Porter, since he was fourteen. Always with that inherent love of cotton, he had first gone to work as office boy for a big cotton firm in Memphis, and his astounding knowledge of the great industry put him quickly in as Senior Member of the firm of Porter-Deming-Weaver, later Porter & Weaver.

Sweet Lucy Williams had come into his life, and so had three little girls, with the softness of voice and wistfulness of blue, blue eyes that so characterized the great-grandmother Mallie Gillespie — Lucy, Elizabeth (Bess), and Rebecca Porter were gathered into the great heart of Aunty Perin.

On May 1, 1915, this Elias W. Porter stood on the dock, glaring at a rapidly disappearing steamship, clutching in his hand the long-engaged but now useless passage on the palatial ocean liner that he had been caused to miss by a typical New York traffic jam. Through tears of rage and disappointment the 1,925th passenger watched the lovely *Lusitania* float out on the great voyage from which there was no returning.

Slowly he turned, plenty of time now, hailed one from the dozens of empty cabs, and went disgustedly back to his hotel. But with his usual thoughtfulness,

he sent the wire to Memphis informing his family that for the first time in his years and years of crossings to Liverpool he had "missed the boat."

CHAPTER LVIII

MARY and her solicitor met the boat at Mrs. Gaines' request, and during the three-hour docking at the foot of Madison Avenue, with business over and the solicitor dismissed, the two women, whose friendship had held true and fine through strange and trying paths as well as highly exciting and successful ones, had the last long visit together that they were ever to have.

Wearily, Mrs. Gaines was going to her daughter Rhoda's children in the East. She was a pathetic, stooped figure. The gay red curls were gone, but cleverly sewed into the little black bonnet were the darker ones, prim and slick, that framed the tired little face rather grotesquely. Only Mary ever saw her remove this bonnet, as Myra never "lowered the flag." But in the intimacy of the small stateroom she could relax in the presence of this closest of friends, whose confidence she relied upon. And Mary Perin kept the faith, as never in all the countless recitals of the Gaines Case did she reveal even to us, her grandchildren, what was under the brave little bonnet with its sewed-in curls.

She had paid a great part of the one hundred-thousand-dollar fee agreed upon, and Mary Perin was now releasing her from any further effort. The contract of that agreement lay in her little black box, as the duplicate copy was in the Canal Bank, and Mary

had steered her family through the years on its fulfillment. Reinforced at times by certain payments from Cook & Sargent on the Iowa sales, every emergency in the family circle was met, and they were many, as the simple entry in John's statements of the expenditure of Gaines Case money shows.

All the sons-in-law were established in business, all the little homes were paid out, and the undertaker at Amite City, who carefully, as best he could, buried her sweet brother Jim, who was only forty-five and left his wife Annie with a little Louisa, Mary Young, Hal, and John.

All these events were quietly talked over, as it had been so long, and so much had happened since her last visit to Mary in Summit, where Myra had made her way through the thick and thin of both enemy and friendly lines to get to Mary when she learned of the Judge's death.

There was no resentment now in Mary's heart as she went over it all in the stateroom of the imposing Lee Line Steamer. All too soon the Captain was knocking on the door and calling "All visitors on shore please." And Mary Perin put the little ebony trunk in the arms of Myra Clark Gaines — that famous little unpretentious box of ebony that held in its inanimate possession the key to the greatest, most intriguing legal mystery ever to be in the history of the United States Courts.

The great iron stakes, driven in above high-water line near the top of the cobblestone levee, held securely the long massive chains that reached to the edge of the water and anchored the boat fore and aft firmly against the powerful current of the Mississippi. The officer on deck was shouting his orders to the levee hands as they released the heavy clamp at the water's edge, and the stately vessel pushed off upstream with a fluttering of handkerchiefs over the railing, and

voices calling: "*Au revoir*" and "*Bon Voyage,*" across the widening distance from shore to ship.

Mary Perin stood silently watching long after the gay crowd had climbed back up the levee and gone, watching through eyes wet with tears, till the boat disappeared around the bend of Wolf River, and the tiny white speck that fluttered from a stateroom window was lost in the mist that hung heavily over the river.

CHAPTER LIX

VIRGINIA and her husband, with the usual family failing of wanting to see what's over the next hill, had moved with Ed and Ella Smith to Owensboro, Kentucky, to establish the dream of M. D. L. Martin's life — a furniture company.

The young and pretty Mrs. Martin was quite a sensation with her beautiful clothes, her charm of manner, and her expert musicianship, for she was the finished product of the famous Mme. Gruneveldt in New Orleans, late of Leipzig, Germany.

The firm of Martin & Smith flourished, and all went swimmingly till small daughter Anna Clyde developed bronchial asthma (my only inheritance from my beautiful grandmother, who had to move to the coast for it). And here we were in the blizzards and snows and bursting waterpipes of Kentucky.

Of course, after a few years of sitting up all night, making turpentine steams, rubbing my chest with mustard, and watching me fight for breath, Dad gave up

and went South to Memphis, where he entered the firm of Campbell, Hoffa & Martin. I was only four, but I remember a few things about Owensboro.

I remember the night I heard the doctor say in a low tone to Mama: "Listen carefully to her breathing, and if it begins to sound like the crunching of snow under your feet, send for me at once, as that's pneumonia."

I remember how I listened and tried to make it "scrunch," as I wanted to go back home to Water Valley, and I knew if it was pneumonia, Dad would go. It scrunched, all right, and as soon as that long, terrible fight was over and I was sitting up in bed, I saw Mama packing the china in boxes and knew we were moving.

I remember the Sunday the Ohio River froze over solid and Coxey's Army was marching down the river, and all the town lined the bank to watch them go by. I don't know where they were going — perhaps nobody else did — but on the way home from the river I was jumping the big steppingstones across the deep slush and mud of the city streets, and missed my aim on the last jump. My chin was laid wide open and bled all over my new coat Aunt Mary Sargent had sent me from Duluth. I did not remember much else for awhile, as the stitches took too long and I slept peacefully through it — with a little help, I imagine, from Dr. Folkes and a funny long needle he stuck in my arm.

I remember Urey Woodson ran the newspaper, and I remember the night the big Monarch whiskey distillery burned and the burning liquor flowed down the levee and into the river, still ablaze, like a great stream of fire. And how the people, Negroes and whites, ran with buckets and caught the fiery stuff and drank it down. All that good whiskey could not be lost — so they drank, and drank, and in the morning when the fire was over they picked them up in carts where they had died like flies.

Mama taught a Sunday School class of young boys who fairly worshipped her, and I remember how white she turned, and how Dad had to hold her in his arms till she finished crying, when one of the little boys ran in to tell her that Jesse Mattingly, one of her class, had been killed. He and Jay Powers had been shooting rabbits and they went to crawl under the wire fence and the gun caught and killed him instantly.

I remember how handsome Mr. Ed Smith was, and how disappointed he was when Dad left.

All these things ran through my mind for awhile after we got on the steamboat for Memphis, and then I forgot them and dreamed of Water Valley and the cousins, the big old basement under Aunt "Noon's" (Lula's) house, and the fun I'd have making playhouses on the old sofa.

But Brother (Franklin) stuck close to the Captain, who even let him in the pilot house to look at the big steering wheel. And the Pilot had him all braced and ready and scared to death for the big jolt when the Ohio River ran into the Mississippi — that awful "jolt" that somehow we did not even know about when the rivers ran together.

We stayed in Water Valley till Dad bought us a house in Memphis, and Minnie Lou and I tagged around trying to keep up with the older girls when they went up the hill to the Lelands' to play with Helen and Hattie. They disgustingly called us "the little ones," but we finally outgrew that, after many years of putting up with their all-of-four-years seniority.

The visit ended, and all the friends gathered to wish them well and rejoice that Virgie and M. D. L. were settling in Memphis. They all went to the train with us — Miss Mollie Yeager and John Taylor, Lynn Brown and Mr. Garlie (Garfield) Brown, all

the Willie Wagners and the Lelands and Cousin Cornelia and Scott Mays and Aunty Mays — and off we went again.

We lived at 994 Union Avenue, and as soon as we were settled, Dad went down to Water Valley and brought Mary Perin (his mother-in-law, and my "Nana") back to make her home with us for always.

She had fought long enough now, and the Gaines money was ended, and very little was coming in from the Iowa and Memphis holdings that had been left her in the big and comfortable estate of her husband, so Dad, in great formality and graciousness, asked his queenly mother-in-law to honor his home by making it hers, and just let him take over. She was so happy in Memphis, and was so strikingly handsome, driving her brand new phaeton with the fringe all around the top, and slick, well-curried bay horse all over town, down Union Avenue to old Central Methodist Church, and up the street two blocks to visit with her dear friend Mrs. J. W. Wynne, across town once a week to spend the day at 'Lias' and Lucy's and to visit with Betty and Mollie and Joe, who by this time had become "Mom Bet," "Dure," and "Punch," so named by the little Lucy; then on the way home to drop in at "Cousie's" (Martha Porter Jarnigan).

But Memphis, with its raw winds off the river, did not do as much for the bronchial tubes as we had hoped it would, so I spent the winters at the front window (Nana's room) with a flannel rag around my throat, watching the other children play in the snow. She felt so sorry for me that she tried to make up for it by telling me stories of her adventures — stories I have never forgotten. She'd stand at the window by me as it grew late and the shadow of the house fell dark and long on the white snow, and with her arms folded and her little crocheted shawl wrapped around her shoulders, would begin to watch for Dad to come home.

I know now, but I didn't know then, that she had

never forgotten the anxious days she watched at the long windows of the New Orleans home when an enemy or foes had three times threatened the life of her husband, and that was why, as evening came, she automatically took the watchtower for the return of the head of the house.

Lucy and I would sit by the hour to hear the stories of Texas and of Ocean Springs and the city, but when Nana and Mom Bet and Dure got started on old Mrs. Gainescase we ran and hid under the bed. (We were grown before we knew Gaines and Case were two different words!)

It looked as if people came by the dozens just to hear Mrs. Perin tell the intimate details of Mrs. Gainescase, and we hated her with a vengeance, because we wanted to know more about "Nekata" and what became of little Tecumseh, and of the medicine man who taught Uncle Will Porter how to heal the little animals (the sweet young doctor who did not come home from the war). But now how we wish we had listened more carefully to this marvelous woman, who studied and searched and knew every move and angle right along with her husband as he swept into the final victorious judgment of 1861 in the great case.

And the long, happy "growing up" years sped on.

Lula gave up the Water Valley house after Hazel's death (the doctor had died soon after), and brought her little Velma Perin Cloud and the Allison girls to join the gathering clan in Memphis, and the last roots were pulled up from the soil of the little Mississippi town.

Mama played the organ at church and was always sought out to accompany the big singers — Mrs. S. T. Carnes, Mr. & Mrs. John Gerber, Banks Jordan, Lucian Smith, Dr. Pope Farrington, and Marie Greenwood Guiberson, Jefferson Hall and Lydia Denton, Mrs. C. P. J. Mooney's glorious contralto, and the phenomenal baritone of young Cham Norfleet.

In the meanwhile I was singing and dancing by day and half the night, and from two A.M. on was batting it out with the old enemy and wheezing my wretched way through the hours till morning came, and relief enough to get up and join the crowd to dance and sing some more. This program was running the family wild and reducing sixteen-year-old me to a well-dressed skeleton. And then one morning I saw in the mail a big important-looking envelope for Dad, postmarked "Houston, Texas."

But I thought nothing of it and went right on riding the East End streetcar and singing in *The Mikado,* and *Pinafore,* and *Bohemian Girl,* which R. Jefferson Hall and Mme. Guiberson were putting on. But what a difference a turn of the wheel can make.

Coming in from late rehearsal one night, I found the lights were all on in the house, and a trained nurse met me in the hall. Nana was very ill. The sands were running low, and Dr. John Maury, friend as well as family physician, shook his head. A week passed and Lucy and I stood at the foot of her bed as she smiled and talked with us in her usual gracious way — only a few hours before she fell asleep, as quietly in the hush of that autumn stillness as the little leaves outside her windows fell gently to their restingplace, not windblown, but content to go, for winter had called.

The glory of those last golden hours of October seemed loath to go without Nana, and lingered long into the evening, as though waiting to light her way as she ascended her altar stairs that led through sunset skies to Eternal Rest and Peace and Joy.

Dignity in death as in life marked her quiet passage, for to Mary Porter Perin . . . "*Death was just an old gate, hung in a garden wall.*"

CHAPTER LX

OF MY GRANDFATHER'S people so little is known to us. Of the many brothers and sisters of Franklin Perin, Aunt Mary Sargent was our favorite. She seemed devoted to her brother's Southern family, and visited us months at a time in Memphis and in New Orleans, in the earlier days.

His cousin Glover, who so painstakingly assembled the material for the Perin genealogy while serving as Colonel and Assistant Surgeon General of the United States Army in 1884. His son, Glover, who married Betty Page, a granddaughter of Colonel Samuel Davis, and who makes her home now at Alden Park Manor in Germantown, near Philadelphia. Both their daughters were distinguished members of the American Red Cross overseas for the duration, one an interpreter in London headquarters, and the other in field duty in the various theaters of war. Truly a military throwback from the distinguished grandfather.

But it was Hannah Perin Savage's little boy Ezra whom we loved best and lavished regular hero worship upon. Cousin Ezra and his tiny, plump wife, Cousin Julia, visited us in Memphis. "The first time since the Civil War," he said, "and then the city was under martial law and I was on a secret mission."

Memphis put the big pot in the little one and stirred it with the skillet legs for the big fire-eating Governor of Nebraska, and the *Commercial-Appeal* of that date, in reviewing the event says: "Governor Savage did not think a great deal of the Mississippi soil through which he passed between Canton and this city. He had this characteristic remark to make of it: 'The soil I passed through yesterday was to my mind curiously unproductive — I do not believe you could raise an umbrella on it.' "

It was this remark that drew Will Smith (Illinois Central official) out of silence, and brought on the invitation to make a trip to Vicksburg, Mississippi, that he might examine more closely the land of the delta country.

It was arranged for the visiting Governor's party to join that of President Stuyvesant Fish and Vice President Harahan, who arrived next day. Besides Postmaster L. W. Ditro and the special escort committee, H. J. Forsdick, H. L. Spinning, H. M. Gunther, and R. L. McKellar, the bigwigs who climbed aboard the Special Train were Colonel Josiah Patterson, Mayor T. Williams, Judge Hammond, H. N. Towner, T. C. Phelan, E. R. Parham, A. S. Caldwell, R. M. McLean, F. B. Hunter, C. A. Stanton, George Randolf, John W. Bailey, G. W. Macrea, C. P. J. Mooney, M. Gilleas, M. D. L. Martin, and Mrs. Martin, the Governor's first cousin, and Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Porter. And they took young son Franklin Martin along, as he was all of twelve and old enough to appreciate such things, but Minnie Lou and I, still branded with the clinging scourge of "the little ones," had to stay at home. They certainly pinned that on us, but when we finally did outgrow it, we mortally did make up for lost time, as our gathering grey locks can testify.

Somehow in the busy years of living and moving around the country trying to find a place in which I could breathe, we lost contact with the precious Cousin Ezra, and the information sent me by Mr. James C. Olson, Superintendent of the Nebraska State Historical Society, says:

> Governor Ezra Perin Savage was born in Connersville, Ind., in 1842 and three years later the family moved to Lyons, Iowa, where his father died, leaving the family in destitute circumstances. He helped support his mother and four smaller children but each winter he managed to get some schooling by attending a log school-house conducted by a backwoods teacher. He attended high school in Davenport,

when 16 years old, paying his expenses by sawing firewood for the town people. He attended the State University of Iowa two years, but was forced to quit when it was moved. He was disappointed, but continued his law studies at home and was admitted to the Bar in an examination given by Leslie M. Shaw, who was later governor of Iowa, at the same time that Savage was governor of Nebraska.

During the Civil War Mr. Savage disappeared from his home in Iowa following a conversation with a wounded soldier. His name appeared upon no muster rolls. He served in no organization but he stayed several years, coming back as unostentatiously as he left. "I have no war record," he frequently said, "and I wouldn't brag of it, if I had." His duties are said to have been scouting in the mountains of Tennessee and during the siege of Atlanta, as an associate of William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," Army Commanders tell of his valor while serving under Grant and Sherman.

In 1879 he established the town of Sargent, Nebraska, and in the scantily settled country the Indians needed attention. He saw that they got it. Later the cattle rustlers grew troublesome and with Mr. Savage as a leader, the law-abiding citizens soon exterminated the offenders. Two silent rides left seven men swinging on cottonwood trees near a buffalo wallow in Custer County, and peace for the cattlemen was assured.

No wonder the New Orleans Perins grieved doubly in the War Between the States, with Franklin's own nephew snorting over the Big Smoky Mountains with Buffalo Bill, shooting at all four of their own brothers.

A faded little pink and gold book, unearthed from the bottom of Mama's trunk (which is the source of my entire research), has printed on the back in fancy gold lettering: "Compliments of Governor and Mrs. Savage," and goes on to remark on the inside:

"WESTWARD HO!"
To assist in laying the keel
of the
Battleship "NEBRASKA"
At Seattle, Washington, on
July 4th, 1902.

Then it gives all his staff and after the simple quotation at the top: "We have gathered our posies from other men's flowers — and only the thread that binds them is ours."

In the little pink book Cousin Julia writes a charming account of the trip:

> Disappointed in getting the battleship *NEBRASKA* ready for launching in 1902, Moran Brothers, Ship-builders of Seattle, Washington, determined to have the keel laid with imposing ceremonies on the 4th of July. As no ceremony connected with the construction of a United States war vessel had taken place upon the nation's birthday, this fact alone made the inception of Moran Brothers a unique one.
>
> A formal invitation from the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, also one from the Moran Brothers, came to Governor Savage early in May to attend these ceremonies with his Military Staff, and so lend dignity and official significance to the occasion. While this invitation did not include the "ladies of the staff," with his usual modesty Governor Savage in his acceptance, said that he and his staff, accompanied by their wives, would be present and thus show their appreciation of the honor conferred upon their state by the National Government in naming one of its greatest war vessels for her.
>
> As soon as it was an assured fact that not even vigorous protests from various sources antagonistic to the Moran Brothers could deter the doughty Governor from accepting the invitation so cordially given, preparations were begun for the anticipated trip. Each day added enthusiasm, so that by the night of June 30th it had reached a white heat, and every heart beat high with the hope that this was to be THE trip of all the pleasant trips that had been enjoyed by this little band of congenial friends, under the official designation: "The Governor's Staff."
>
> Anticipation so often exceeds reality. Retrospection so often is much more pleasant than the reality, for even the unpleasing pictures "hung on Memory's walls," become mellowed by the touch of time and distance, and with their softened tints become almost beautiful. But we believe each member of this party will verify the assertion that in regard to this memorable trip anticipation was delightful, the

reality more delightful, but retrospection has been the most delightful of all.

July 4th ushered in a disagreeable, rainy day, but soon after nine o'clock a detachment of Marines from the battleship *WISCONSIN* came to our hotel as an advance guard for the carriages to convey us to the great shipyard of Moran Brothers, where we so proudly expected to be prominent characters in at least a short chapter in the history of our country. A drizzling rain was falling when we reached the yards, but when we entered the mammoth structure between twenty and twenty-five thousand people were gathered there and under the adjoining sheds. We were honored with a salute from cannons planted for that purpose on the wharves. A burst of enthusiasm came when the Governor and his staff in their gorgeous uniforms, accompanied by the ladies, took their places upon the stand erected for them in the center of the building. It was appropriately decorated with flags and bunting and bore the names of WASHINGTON and NEBRASKA. So there, surrounded by influential citizens of the enterprising city of Seattle, State Officers, and the Governor of Washington and his staff, we witnessed the laying of the keel of the first battleship to be built on Puget Sound. The only bit of coloring, other than the bright uniforms of the Nebraskans, was furnished by a number of prominent officers of the Navy in full dress. The cynosure of our eyes was a large electric crane slowly traveling back and forth, bearing in electric lights the familiar name NEBRASKA. In fact, Nebraska was in evidence everywhere.

Judge Burke, representing the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, introduced Governor McBride, who in a few cordial words of welcome greeted the Nebraskans. Governor Savage reponded in an address, having for its principal argument the advisability of having as large a Navy as necessary for emergency protection, and for commanding the honor and respect of foreign powers, closing with the following tribute to Nebraska: . . . etc.

Then came the most interesting event of the forenoon. At a given signal, the two men in charge of the large electric crane swung it over an enormous piece of steel, which was seized and swung high in the air and carried to its position over the ways. Amid the cheers of the immense crowd, the blare of the band and general enthusiasm, it was lowered gently and slowly into its place, as though it were some delicate piece of mechanism, where it will remain until the vessel is ready to be launched. Workmen then placed

in position the white hot rivet, and the two big Governors took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, tested the weight of the hammers, and then began the work of riveting it. As the first blow was given by Governor Savage the Marine Band struck up "America." Then the big shed became a cheering mass of enthusiastic humanity, as by alternate strokes the first rivet was fastened into its place and one of the initial steps in the construction of a great battleship for our country's defense, was completed. Flags waved, hats were thrown into the air, cannons boomed, and whistles from every craft in the harbor added their share to the general rejoicing.

When the Governors had completed their task, President Moran gave each of them a pay check of the company, regularly made out, calling for three cents, that being the value of the time which each had worked according to the Union scale of wages. Governor Savage promptly declared a strike for higher wages. This was resolutely seconded by Governor McBride, and they put on their coats and declared they would never strike another blow for the Company. Then the curtain fell upon the last scene of the morning's drama. The large crowd quietly dispersed, while the Nebraskans stayed to examine more carefully the place which would witness the construction and completion of the vessel which to them would ever bear a peculiar interest.

And inside the yellowed sheets I found the "pay check" for three cents. My heart grieves to think how they must have searched for this treasured memento that I know they did not intend to leave in the copy of the book they gave to Mama.

I will try to make amends by presenting the original to the Nebraska Historical Society in Lincoln, where it justly belongs.

CHAPTER LXI

EVER SINCE that clear cold November day in Memphis, when our beautiful grandmother was laid to rest in Elm Wood Cemetery by the side of her brother 'Lias, daughter Virginia Franklin Martin has been the faithful custodian of the keepsakes of her father and mother. Through all the moves, the vicissitudes of life, fire, pestilence, and hurricane, the sacred papers and letters of the Gaines Case have traveled with us. The little marble-topped table still stands, and the rosewood sofa salvaged from under the house at Water Valley, the two Napoleonic candlesticks flank the huge gold mirror brought over by John Porter from France, and reflects its seventh generation of Porters before this old mirror.

In Memphis, Virgie and Mack Diuguid had stood before it for the Silver Wedding Anniversary, and here in Houston they stood again for the Golden Wedding, with Bishop Sam R. Hay recalling the dear old Bishop Keener's tender ceremony of fifty years before. Virginia Franklin held in her hands again two exquisite white Camellia Japonicas from the same Stewart tree in Ocean Springs.

We had some difficulty in finding the tree, when in the blustery February weather Herbert and I drove over to the coast to get them. Mrs. Stewart's house had been cut in three pieces; only the front section with the long windows from each room opening out on the deep porch was familiar. The slave wing of dear old "Aunt Tempie" was separated from the house and turned into a tenant house for the pecan gatherers; but tall and stately, towering over the top of the house, stood the tree whose first blooms were Virgie Perin's wedding flowers.

Carefully packed, with their stems stuck in Irish potatoes, we raced on back home with the treasured white blossoms, stopping only long enough to pick up the granddaughter, Virginia Martin, at the pretty Gulf Park College.

In the brilliant anniversary party, only one person besides the "bride and groom" was present who had attended the wedding in 1880, and that was Fannie Blackbourne Stewart, Mittie's little girl, who had strewn the petals for Virgie to walk on.

But all the children of her sisters were with her, and the other granddaughter (Franklin and Linnie Bonner Martin's daughter), Mary.

The event swept to a happy close with Bishop Hay's pretty compliment to the Martins as he kissed the "bride" and said: "Time rests lightly, where hearts are happy."

Mama's trunk yields strange and amazing clues to half-remembered events — parts of the broken libraries of her father, her brother and her Uncle John, old law books from which Judge Perin's briefs were prepared for the many successful suits he handled in his forty-eight years. His briefs in French and in English of the Gaines Case, all tenderly kept intact through the years that had brought at last forgetfulness of the sensational Myra and her claims.

It was Mattie Allison, teacher of English in San Marcos College, who suggested that the Gaines Case papers and letters be given to Tulane for safekeeping. They were too valuable to be kept in a private home.

Through Alex Allison in New Orleans, negotiations were made, and on her eightieth birthday, at the old Howard Memorial Library, Mama gave over to Mr. Robert Usher, Librarian, the sacred charge that had been hers to keep.

NEW ORLEANS TIMES PICAYUNE — July 28, 1910

WRITTEN RECORDS IN NOTED LEGAL CASE GIVEN LIBRARY

Texas Woman Presents Notes in Myra Clark Gaines Suit

By Meigs O. Frost

A file of ancient hand-written legal papers in French and English from what has been called officially "the most remarkable law case in the history of American courts" came to rest Saturday in the Howard Memorial library. They were from the Myra Clark Gaines law suit that started in New Orleans in 1826 and lasted 57 years, until 1883, employing more than 2000 lawyers.

The suit by Mrs. Gaines established the legitimacy of her birth, the existence of her father's will that plotters had destroyed, and involved millions of dollars worth of real estate and other property in New Orleans and elsewhere in Louisiana. It was called "the case of one woman against 500 men."

Mrs. Virginia Franklin Perin Martin, 1217 Richmond Road, Houston, Tex., made the gift, on her 80th birthday. She is the daughter of the late Judge Franklin Perin, who died in 1863. He was a member of the one-time New Orleans law firm of Smylie & Perin. He was one of the lawyers retained by Myra Clark Gaines. The papers, faded with age, written in faded ink, gnawed about the edges by mice, had rested for decades in Mrs. Martin's trunk.

Comes Here for Gift

"It is with a sentiment of sincere affection," said Mrs. Martin, "that on my 80th birthday I present these papers of a historic law case launched in New Orleans, in which my father played so prominent a part, to the Howard Memorial library where they will be preserved for the benefit of legal research workers and the history of the American bar

of which my father was so prominent a member in his time."

Mrs. Martin was driven by automobile from Houston to New Orleans. She is visiting friends, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Case, 307 Royal Street. An entourage of Perin descendants was with her at the presentation.

Robert Usher, librarian of the Howard Memorial Library and of Tulane University Library, accepted the gift.

First Handwriting

"These are the first original hand-written documents of the Myra Clark Gaines case in our files," said Mr. Usher, "though we have a large printed record of the case. On behalf of Howard Memorial Library I accept them with sincere thanks."

The Myra Clark Gaines case was international news in its day, one of those incredible law battles that traveled up to the United States supreme court many times. In the end the city of New Orleans was ordered by that court to pay Mrs. Gaines $2,000,000 plus 5 per cent interest until paid, plus all court costs, which have been estimated as running into the millions. Publications of the time hailed the New Orleans woman as "the richest woman in America," estimating her long fight won her an estate in excess of $5,000,000.

Myra Clark Gaines' father was Daniel Clark, a tall, handsome, brilliant, ruthless Irishman from Sligo who came to New Orleans when Spain ruled Louisiana as a province and amassed a vast estate. Her mother was Mademoiselle Zulime Carriere (also spelled "Zulieme" at the time), who married Jerome de Grange (also spelled "des Granges" at the time). He is described both as a French nobleman, refugee in New Orleans from the French Revolution and as "a very ordinary small shop-keeper." She is described as of remarkable French Creole beauty. The husband was charged with bigamy, jailed by Spanish law, escaped, fled to France, where his first wife was said to reside.

The United States supreme court ruled eventually it had been given legal proof that Zulime de Grange and Daniel Clark, who met in 1802, were married, and Myra Clark, their daughter, was legitimate. The same court described Daniel Clark as "a man of high qualities, but no rigor of virtue or self-control." He had been United States consul at New Orleans when it was a Spanish provincial capital; went to Paris to report on Louisiana in 1802 to Napoleon Bonaparte, then first consul; was Louisiana's first territorial dele-

gate in the Congress of the United States; fought a duel with W. C. C. Claiborne, Louisiana's first American governor as territory and state, and shot him through the thigh beside Bayou Manchac, some 20 miles below Baton Rouge.

Sworn testimony in the case was that he kept his wife in seclusion in a country house outside New Orleans, never acknowledged her publicly as his wife, and went to Congress to shine in Washington society as a rich, distinguished Louisiana bachelor. Daniel Clark died in New Orleans August 16, 1813. He wrote a will in 1811, ignoring Myra Clark, his daughter, and Zulime Carriere, his wife. He wrote another in 1813, leaving everything to his daughter, but the will never was seen in court. Testimony of old men once his intimates told its contents; other testimony told how it was destroyed by a scheming agent of Clark's who saw him die.

Hundreds of New Orleans properties left in that last will to his daughter had been bought and sold many times in good faith. The buyers joined to fight the daughter. Thousands of pages of printed record chronicled the case in law libraries as it came into the United States supreme court 12 times.

By family tradition, it was Franklin Perin, young Cincinnati, Ohio, law graduate, starting practice in New Orleans, who unearthed the record of the marriage that gave Myra Clark Gaines the official stamp of legitimacy and a huge fortune.

But the one thing that did not find its way into public records was the hushed conference between Zulime, her daughter Myra, and her attorney Franklin Perin, after Mr. Perin had gone to the exact building that Zulime had indicated and unearthed the certificate of marriage. An unsigned document would be useless in court, and Myra dreaded the further violence of public opinion if the circumstances were thrown into light. What Louisiana law would do in the case of a marriage when five months pregnant was another question.

Zulime clung to it that Daniel Clark had folded the duplicate certificate given him by the magistrate

and put it hurriedly in his waistcoat pocket. Evidently it was put in the ebony box with the ill-fated will and destroyed with it.

In the dimly lighted house in the French Quarter it was agreed that the appearance of the undated marriage certificate would only further muddy the troubled waters, so it would continue till the end of time to be a sleeping dog to let lie.

From Mama's trunk came also the faded letters in Myra's handwriting, four of which are reproduced here:

Richmond, Va.
Feb. 10, 1862

My dear Sir:

I arrived here on the 8th instant and was greatly rejoiced to find a letter from you, the first since on your way to Blue Sulphur Springs. Although you do not speak of your present state of health, I presume and hope that it is much improved:

I very much regret not receiving the copy of your letter which William sent to Washington, as I might have consented to Carroll's demand of my note for $4,000.00 to obtain the mandate. I think the debt I owe him, including the expense of the mandate only amount to about $1,200.00. Yet, if I understand your letter correctly that the mandate properly certified could enable me to obtain those lots of Henman. I will if you think it proper, forward my note for the above given amount as soon as I receive your reply, which I beg you to do immediately.

I rented my house, and sold the furniture which I had brought to my house belonging to you. The person who bought it requested that it should be appraised by an auctioneer. I consider it well sold — I enclose the bill.

I will send you the draft in a day or two. I also paid on the rent due Mr. White $100.00. I believe there be more, but as I did not find the bill wrote Mr. W that the remainder should some day be paid.

As Mr. Harper is waiting for my letter, I am obliged to omit many things I was desirous to have stated. I wish you and Mrs. Perin would write me very fully and tell me if it is very important that I should be in New Orleans this month. My means are extremely limited, having both Rhoda and my brother to sustain.

I have passed a very unhappy summer. I was twice placed on the list to be arrested, and but for a person holding a high position would have been imprisoned. I could write pages in relation to the acts of the people in Washington, but I must postpone it until we meet.

My love to your wife and children

Your friend

(S) Myra Clarke Gaines*

Warrenton, N. Carolina
March 23rd, 1862

Dear Sir:

As yet, not an answer to my five letters written you since my arrival in the South. I cannot account for it. It may be that you and my brother have directed to Lynchburg. I have today written for them. Enclosed will somewhat explain the main reason for my detention here. Mr. MacFarland (?) the most distinguished lawyer in Rch. (Richmond) advised that a general bill would be most advisable, as the Louisiana delegation would in that case vote for it, but you will perceive from the remarks of Inche (?) Chilton, N.C., that he is in favor of a memorial in my particular case. I wish you to examine the whole subject fully and decide what is the best course for me to pursue. (Torn and blurred section of letter) . . . is shortly to be organized . . . am informed — will soon . . . would it be advisable to file . . . Record which I have now before the same court (?)

That is if . . . abandon the plan of obtaining judgment from Congress. I am very anxious to have your advice upon

* In the spelling of the name the predominance of evidence favored "Clark" without the "e," and so we decided to keep it that way. Myra always used the "e" and the engraved portrait by Favret de Saint Memin, which hangs in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, is labeled "Clarke."—Harnett Kane.

all these points, and in several of my late letters I have begged you to write me immediately. I am somewhat fearful that the federal fleet will very soon reach your city, but from all I know, it appears that you are prepared to meet them. My heart sickens at so wicked a war — It cannot be permitted to last much longer; this is my constant hope.

I sent you a draft by my brother due you for the sale of your furniture . . . (mutilation of the letter) . . . arose from . . . he left. I also visited Harper . . . formerly situated at Gen . . . sen's plantation 12 miles from Warrenton. I have had several other invitations from the first families in Virginia. William has gone to the battlefield as a private not being able to obtain a lieutenancy. This I should have . . . but for that *miserable scum* Benjamin. He ought to have been dismissed from the cabinet according to the wishes of the people. Never was there *so overrated a man.*

I hope that you and your family are well. You do not speak of your health in your letters to Willie (?). Our best love to your wife and children

Your friend,

(S) M. C. Gaines

St. Charles Hotel
New Orleans, La.
June 6, 1865

My dear Mrs. Perin,

I was greatly disappointed at not seeing you or your friend Mr. Owen when at Memphis. Our boat remained there several hours. I had written you and your friend some days previous to my departure from New York that I expected to pass Memphis about the above time and I requested that Mr. O. or yourself would meet me, but I fear the letter did not reach him in time.

Enclosed you will find a certificate of deposit, for which you can immediately draw, for, I regret to say, the small amount of $200.00. I had ordered Hennen property to be sold. It was indeed at a great sacrifice as it only brought $2,600.00. My portion was the trifling sum of $442. Taxes etc. took the rest.

I am here now to see that all my suits be transferred from the Confederate to the District Court of the N. O.

Circuit Courts — another litigation of two years. What a siege of it have not I had!

You have no doubt heard by this time that a certain Mr. Abbott who your lamented husband employed (blurred) property to institute suits, has brought most unjustly a charge of $6,000.00 for the work of only $500.00. I beg of you again to examine carefully all your husband's papers and anything connected with my suits. My contract with him, Mr. Perin, a copy of which he sent me. It is all important for me to possess them, particularly about Abbott, I do assure you.

I unfortunately dropped your letter in the street before reading it. I hope there was nothing of consequence in it. Mr. A says he will not give me the papers belonging to me because the succession of Mr. Perin's estate will hold him responsible, I fear, as many say of him, that he is not an honest man. Cannot you authorize someone in Memphis to come here and obtain them from him?

It is all important to *you* that this should be done. He has already been paid $265.00 out of the funds from the Hennan Estate.

Do write me fully as soon as you read this and forward me quickly all those papers above alluded to.

Most affectionately,

Your friend

(S) Myra Clarke Gaines

In great haste.

New Orleans, La.
St. Charles Hotel
June 13th, 1865

My dear Mrs. Perin:

I was greatly disappointed at not seeing you when I passed Memphis. I wrote you about five days previous to my departure from New York and desired in case you could not be there that your friend Mr. Henderson Owen should meet me at the Boat. I was consequently disappointed on not seeing him.

Col. McMahon and his family arrived here last week and I gave him (letter torn here) including the small amount

of (letter torn here) which perhaps may enable you to make those purchases you spoke of. I truly regret I have not more to send you. I found much to my regret that the Hennen property brought only $2,600.00. After all costs were paid among them this said Abbott who lays (letter torn here) a heavy claim against me. I only got $442.00. This is the manner in which a widow's rights are treated.

I hope to see you on my return to New York. I shall leave here possibly on Monday next, the 19th. I shall be greatly disappointed if I should again pass Memphis without seeing you. I have much to say which cannot be submitted to writing.

With much love to you and your little family

I am very truly

Your friend

(s) Myra Clarke Gaines

P.S. I was greatly rejoiced to see your excellent brother. I felt very anxious as to his fate and had made many inquiries about him when he suddenly presented himself before me.

(s) Myra

THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK

I wish I could have known my grandfather. When I look at the searching black-blue eyes of his picture and read through his letters and notebooks that seem to bring him so close, I find my heart envying those who heard him deliver some of his great arguments in court and worked shoulder to shoulder with him through the Gaines Case. But I have learned to love him through the little black book tied in with his personal papers in the enormous bundles of records from the bottom of Mama's trunk — so dim and faded in spots, but legible enough in others.

The book is dated 1861, and on the flyleaf is:

F. Perin

4½ Street No. 6

Washington City

Tues. Jan 1, 1861
Engaged Margaret
$6.00 per month

Wed. Jan 8,
Mrs. King commenced music lessons – $15.00 per quarter

Thurs. Jan 10,
Rebecca engaged – $6.00 per month

Fri. Jan 11
Wrote Sam Perin
Sent father $10.00

Mon. Jan 21
Wrote mother sent $16.00 to pay hired girl

Wed. Jan 23
Paid Rebecca

Sun. Jan 27
Wrote Sam to take Parks oxen for rent.

Thurs. Feb 7
Wrote Judge Grant
bought Elliot Robbins cows

Sun Feb. 10
Paid Rebecca

Mon. Feb 18
case decided by Judge Campbell supporting our views on the Lusk Case.

Wed. Feb 20
Wrote Laizer for Mary Clarke heirs vs. M. C. Gaines

Fri. Feb 22
Wrote Ezra Perin 13 pages asking if he would live South

Sun. Feb. 24
Wrote mother
Finished and mailed it

Mon. Feb 25
Tenn. convention
Ans. D. N. Hennen of 18th

Wed. Feb 27
Finished letter to Mother with decision in McMiken will case

Sun. Mar 10
Paid Rebecca
wrote parents – kept copy
wrote Judge Smiley

[illegible]

[illegible]

Mon. Mar 18

Sent New York Herald of 15th inst. to Oliver Perin, Sam Perin, Wm. L. Porter, Mrs. J. R. Buford, Judge Smiley — report of Gaines Case

Tues. Mar. 26

Paid Rebecca $3.00
wrote parents

Fri. Mar 29

Wrote C. E. Guaridi to go Mrs. Gaines security for costs.
Wrote John Porter, Mrs. Gaines promising payment of my debt.

Sat. Mar 30

Note order—Mrs. Gaines 12 months for Judge Black's carriage and horses due at Patriotic Bank $800.00
Mrs. Gaines wrote Judge Grant
Retained copy

Mon. April 1

Mary wrote parents could not go to Blue Sulphur.
Wrote Terry to send $200.00 to Blue Sulphur to them.

Tues. April 2

Endorsed Mrs. Gaines note at 60 days for $200.00

Wed. April 10

Left Washington
Children commenced at Mrs. Duncans at $2.00 per day
Paid Rebecca

Tues. April 23

Mary wrote parents
Don't know when we can see them again
Trust in God

Sunday May 2

Mrs. Gaines note due at Patriotic Bank $200.00

. . . and on and on with the simple entries of everyday living, and then. . . .

Wed. Sept 25

Taken sick

Friday Sept. 27

Taken to Dr. Austins

Thurs. Oct. 10

Returned from Dr. Austins

Tues. Dec. 31

Wrote Willie W. Gaines for certified mandate vrs. Hennen

The rest of the little book is full of prescriptions

and trips to various places — searching for the health he never regained.

In this odd assortment of memoirs is a 1941 clipping from the *Commercial Appeal* of Memphis, September 2, 1841 — "One Hundred Years Ago" . . .

> Last night's steamboat arriving from the South brought a recent issue of the New Orleans *Sun*. It has an article that the United States Circuit Court at New Orleans a few days ago, rendered judgment in favor of Mrs. Gaines who will participate in the $40,000,000 estate of the late Daniel Clarke.
>
> Mrs. Gaines is the wife of General Edmund Pendleton Gaines who resided in Memphis several years ago until he was transferred from this point.
>
> She has many friends in Memphis who will rejoice at her good fortune.

And in another bundle separate and apart from the fiery clear cut communications of the law, I find the love letters of Franklin Perin and Mary Young Porter. Too tenderly beautiful to reprint. Letters exchanged during the few times they were apart that are, in their classic dignity of expression reminiscent of the *Sonnets from the Portuguese.*

Too sacred to do aught but fold away in the long silk scarf in which I found them. Tie them tightly as they were and put them back in the old trunk until such time as perhaps it might seem best to consign them to the security of the flames — that great strongbox of memories that would shield them forever from the eyes of casual readers.

And then I find a long, long letter, broken by the years it has been folded away, from Lawson Hobson — it is in the nature of a will written in the pathetic, tiny scrawl of the gentle old slave to his daughter from

Tennessee, "Mountting Spring" giles County [sic], July 11th, 1862. In it, he is dividing up his land between the two daughters, as his Cindy had not lived but a few years after her mistress died in her arms on the Mississippi River cotton boat. He had intended to divide a quarter section of land between them, but since the Lord had spared him so long, he wanted now to make it a section apiece. He was arranging for the last of the money on the purchase to be paid out of his first growing crop after his death. He had saved enough feathers for a bed for both girls, and wanted them to send someone they could trust to Tennessee to get them.

"Remember me to Mr. Porter and all inquiring friends and black people.

Your loving father until the last,

Lawson Hobson."

Uncle Hob had stayed with 'Lias on the grandfather's plantation in Tennessee ever since the death of the boy's mother, and to the very end of the old Negro's life, he was holding up the hands of his people and preaching always along lines of understanding and co-operation and gratitude.

"My brethren and sisterin," was his favorite topic during the war, "whar else would you black folks iron dem laces and press dem fine silks 'cept fer yo white folks. Whar else would yo' 'er know'd how to shine dem silver glasses and silver coffeepots. Would yo' 'er know'd what all dem fine linens and carpets and bedspreads war fer and how to eat wid a knife and fork and spoon, and learn out of dey big Bibles and from dey lips 'bout yo' Lord Jesus and yo' home in Hebben, if you doos right?"

The same sentiment straight from the heart of the

ancient slave, in 1862, was expressed in the well-chosen language of a highly respected Negro Bishop of the church only recently, when in conversation with our own great head of the Methodist Church in the United States, Bishop A. Frank Smith, he had made the astonishing but sincere statement: "Slavery was the best thing that had ever happened to the Negro." He stated further: "It had put them as a race, one hundred years ahead by the close association with the culture, refinement and careful religious training of the 'White Folks' to whom they belonged."

Next, I find a carefully worded statement from Uncle John Porter from the New Orleans National Bank (where he rounded out his forty years of service). One of many such documents prepared for the long and unsuccessful effort of the Perin heirs to secure some compensation from the Government for the seizure and destruction of the Franklin Perin homestead.

The names of Mary, Martha, Louisa, Minnie, Will, Jim, John, and Elias have been handed down and around through the various families, but the distinguished name of Franklin rests only on the son (Franklin Leigh), and the great-grandson (Franklin Martin) of the baby who waltzed into the world to the tune of the "Blue Danube" at old White Sulphur. (The doughty old General J. Bankhead Magruder, who took Galveston by storm and broke the Federal blockade, always claiming the distinction of having named the baby.)

And so, over one hundred years later, the Porter strain finds itself meandering around in Texas again. With the advent of Virginia Franklin and Mack Diuguid Leigh in 1906, other members of the tribe gradually followed, till now almost everyone of the descendants of Franklin and Mary Porter Perin live in and around Houston. Only Louisa Lee Perin's grandchildren, Velma Louise, Martha, and William Brand Hof-

fa, have clung to the Mississippi soil and are upholding tradition in the land of cotton plantations near Grenada, not far from the scene of the beloved old Elm Grove, whence this story stems.

Out in Texas another war romance had culminated in the marriage of lovely Sophie Porter, only to end in sadness, and the three little motherless granddaughters of Margaret Baird and Jim Brown Porter were taken under the protective wing of William Elias Porter. When he was twenty-one years old Mr. A. P. Root employed him in the office of the First National Bank in Houston, where he served an an accountant for forty years.

W. E. "Bill" Porter never married but devoted his life to the charge that was his to keep, the raising of his little sister Sophie's girls, Margaret, Beulah, and Martha Louise.

While the Martins were folding into the friendliness and charm of the comfortable little city of around 35,000, Houston even then was rolling steadily toward metropolitan proportions.

Church letters were hauled out and immediately anchored in old Shearn Memorial, where these "dyed-in-the-wool Methodists" automatically took up their church activities in choir, stewardship, and Sunday School.

Moving out into the new church (First Methodist) at Main and Clay, Mrs. Virginia Martin was elected Superintendent of the Baby Department. Running true to "brass band form," she developed the idea of the "rhythm band" among her tiny ones, including in its personnel her own wee granddaughter Virginia, and uniformed fetchingly in blue and white with such instrumentation as cymbals, tambourines, bazookas, triangles and drums, the Baby Band was ready for a conductor — a post to be filled with infinite care. Lis-

tening to a concert by the Minneapolis Symphony one night, the Superintendent of the Baby Department discovered on the front row of the immense audience a very small boy in the arms of his father, waving his tiny hand in correct baton movement and perfect rhythm with the pulse of the great orchestra.

Fascinated, she watched him quietly standing, now on the seat with his father's arm steadying him, never missing a beat of Beethoven's Ninth, which was sweeping a spellbound audience to its magnificent finale. Through the thunderous applause she made her way quickly to the little figure, four-year-old Victor Alessandro, who accepted then and there the directorship of the Baby Band, which remained one of the city's most famous organizations for sixteen years, the enthusiastic players remaining loyally until they outgrew their uniforms, and passed them on to the never-failing new crop of two- to four-year-old musicians who followed them.

And little Victor, serious under the weight of his great responsibility, stood on a little red chair and waved his stick until the years crept along that brought razzing from the boys at school about directing "those babies."

Doubtless the brilliant young director of the Oklahoma City Symphony, one of the orchestras of the nation, smiles down from his podium on those years, and his first big opportunity to direct a band. Thoughtfully, the handsome boy has time always at Christmas to drop in and pin white orchids on his "musical godmother."

It's a great thrill to grow up with a city — to watch and know its progress and its setbacks, to see it living its life as we live our own. All the give and take, the triumph, the heartache, the pain of birth, the stillness of death — all put into the living of it. All integral

parts of the building of our earthly temple, as well as the temple not built by hands.

Strange how an inanimate thing once dedicated to the worship of God always retains something of its holiness of purpose. A steeple will shine through the débris of a storm — a cross will rise from the ruins of a cathedral — or a stump of a tree in a silent wood, once used for a pulpit, is a thing to be forever reverenced.

In such manner the old marble-top table that held the sacrament in Summit through the war years served its purpose again as Dr. Paul Quillian brought to the little "shut in" Mother Martin the Holy Communion, administered from the smooth white surface of the old, old table.

And in the great First Church which he represented, Dr. Paul had inscribed on the golden cross that stands on the altar:

> Presented to the members of
> First Methodist Church
> by the Beginners Department of 1910
> in honor of
> Mrs. M. D. L. Martin,
> who during sixteen years of faithful service in this department erected an imperishable monument in the lives of little children.

In the years and years of lugging F. Perin's famous papers and briefs around with us in the packings and unpackings necessitated by the many moves from pillar to post, we had often wondered why the famous Myra Clark Gaines Case was not roused from its long sleep and put into book form, or made into a picture, but

the more we read, the more baffling and impossible seemed the task for the average mortal.

But suddenly in the year of our Lord 1946, after fifteen years of research, *The Famous Case of Myra Clark Gaines,* handled in magnificent and scholarly fashion by Nolan B. Harmon, Jr., reached the bookshelves, followed immediately by Harnett Kane's exciting and romantic treatment of it in *New Orleans Woman.*

We had been in correspondence with Mr. Kane all summer, and much of the intimate data from the depths of Mama's old trunk had been put at his disposal before it was presented to the Tulane Library.

So it was with tender interest that the outstanding young Louisiana author, and (as Lyle Saxon said of him) "careful craftsman, and faithful interpreter of the land he loves," put into the hands of the oldest living person directly connected with the Gaines Case the story of its history in *New Orleans Woman* — a history she well knew, as its mark had been left and its influence felt directly or indirectly through the eighty-eight years of her life.

Mr. Kane's visit brought to light the interesting connection of another Houston woman with the famous Gaines Case — Isabella de Caylus Thayer, granddaughter of Isabella Montague (who was a namesake of Queen Isabella of Spain), wife of Governor Montague of the Bahama Islands.

Charles Eusebrius de Caylus was a lawyer living on Pratania Street with a wife and six small de Cayluses. Mrs. Thayer recalled the experience of her father walking to his office and seeing a little black-clad bent figure leaning against a wall. She was weary and lonely, and the generous Spanish gentleman took her arm and led her back to his own modest home.

There Myra Clark lived until the burden of feeding her six little ones forced Madame de Caylus to ask her

distinguished visitor to seek other quarters. This was a bitter thing for a sensitive lady of Spain to have to ask, but to young Isabella it was great cause for rejoicing, as it had been her particular duty to read newspapers to Mrs. Gaines. To the very last it was the news — nothing else but the news. This was in 1885, and to whom she went on her last visitation remains one of the deep mysteries in the career of this heroic little soul. But shortly after she left the de Caylus home, the newspapers carried the notice of the death of Myra Clark Gaines.

It was on January 9, 1885, that the indomitable little New Orleans woman packed up her trials and tribulations, her triumphs and her heart-breaking defeats, and slipped away to lay them at the feet of the Almighty and Merciful Judge of it all — there forever and ever to *rest her case.*

Old Orleanians tell us that the main house of the Perin Estate stood on the spot now occupied by the Seal Pool in Audubon Park, at the end of the Avenue of Oaks.

The same old oaks into whose grateful shadows Franklin Perin turned at the close of the weary days of tramping through the French Quarter in search of Gaines material . . . where in the spacious upstairs study, which opened out onto the tiny iron balcony, the briefs were prepared and the letters written which now have come to their final restingplace, just across the way in the magnificent new Howard-Tilton Library of Tulane University.

Some essence of you lingers here,
  Although a hundred years have gone
Since you played out your earthly role
  Beneath the moon, beneath the sun.

For when I walk where you have been
  Or when I read old books you read
A door is opened; you come in
  As once with friends you visited.

Like those old friends who knew you well,
I, too, am dowered with your thought;
As seas are captured in a shell,
So time your every mood has caught.

Time brings you, changeless down the years
And lets me see you as you were
A wise and valiant counselor.
A faithful friend, an honest judge.*

For even though the branches far spreading of the family tree are steadily sprouting out new little fresh green leaves to the West — to the East — to the North — to the South — the Tap Root lies deep and eternal in New Orleans.

---

* Poem used by permission of Aline Michaelis.

THE END.

Postlude

Enthroned, rather than enslaved, in a rolling chair, the lovely Virginia Franklin, idol of Franklin Perin's heart, with her ninetieth birthday in the offing, reigns over a vast court of adoring relatives and friends with the grace, dignity, and fortitude of her ancestry —

The single candle that throws its flickering light through the long, dim corridors of remembrance.

Corridors by Candlelight

By Anna Clyde Plunkett

This unique and compelling book is a memoir of one of the many families directly connected with the celebrated Gaines Case. But it is more than a memoir, and more than the story of "Myra, the Child of Adoption." It is a painting — with words — of an era; it is the story of what was, and will never again be as once it was, but which nevertheless has been kept alive in the memories of those whose forebears were stalwart people who helped to shape the destiny of the Nation, and who went about the work steady and unafraid.

Mrs. Plunkett has explored the corridors of memory, thoroughly, reverently, and has produced a timeless work.

Says Eleanor Wakefield, in the Houston *Chronicle:*

"Anna Clyde Plunkett has peered down the dim corridors of family history, and has evoked a fascinating book.

"Making these shadows come alive and mingling their pasts with the story of the living, by strong interwoven threads of family relationship, has been her literary task over recent years.

"'This [is a] re-creation of a by-gone day, of strange experiences involved in the maze of a 'cause celebre,' peopled with colorful characters in a colorful city. . . .

"Mrs. Plunkett . . . grew up in New Orleans. As a child she remembered familiar table talk about a lawsuit in which her grandfather, Franklin Perin, distinguished Louisiana attorney, scored a triumph — the famous Myra Clark Gaines Case, which dragged on for years in civil courts and supreme courts from New Orleans to Washington and back again.

(Continued on Back Flap)

THE NAYLOR COMPANY
Publishers
San Antonio, Texas

Corridors by Candlelight

By Anna Clyde Plunkett

(Continued from Front Flap)

"It involved millions of dollars and historical property of the old city. . . .

" . . . With the aid of her mother, Virginia Franklin Perin Martin . . . daughter of the famous lawyer, she read and sorted [manuscripts, records, diaries], listened again to reminiscences, and pieced together exciting episodes, family vignettes, stories heretofore untold about the Gaines Case, and rare glimpses of a memory-shrined era of gracious living."

Mrs. Plunkett has dedicated the book to the three great women in her life: her grandmother [Mary Porter Perin], her mother and her daughter.

The reading of Corridors by Candlelight will prove an unforgettable experience.

The Author *(Continued)*

Throughout World War I she toured the entire Southern Department under Y.M.C.A. Red Cross auspices, and in World War II was known as the "Sing-Song Lady," serving two thousand hours at the piano as director of music at the Fannin Street U. S. O. She is the author of many poems and songs.

Her immediate family consists of her husband, H. C. Plunkett, her daughter, Virginia Martin Plunkett, Director of Houston's Summertime Light Opera Company, and her lovely mother.

To read Corridors by Candlelight not only brings supreme enjoyment but also presents an opportunity to know a charming gentlewoman — the author, though she has striven both with rare modesty and obvious determination to keep herself in the background.

THE NAYLOR COMPANY
Publishers
San Antonio, Texas

CORRIDORS BY CANDLELIGHT Plunkett The Naylor Co.

The Author

ANNA CLYDE PLUNKETT, of Houston, Texas, has added to her numerous and delightful accomplishments that of pleasing and successful authorship. CORRIDORS BY CANDLELIGHT, in a manner of speaking, is the product of a lifetime experience which has encompassed a splendid blending of the lovely traditions and culture of the Old South and of the challenging, demanding present.

A member of one of Louisiana's distinguished families, granddaughter of Judge Franklin Perin, and living in the same home with her mother, Mrs. Virginia Franklin Perin Martin, who is nearing eighty-nine, and with all the letters, documents and diaries at hand, Mrs. Plunkett has had a wealth of material from which to choose. Much of it, particularly that pertaining to the nationally famous Gaines Case, has hitherto been unpublished.

For many years, she has contributed her talents and energy to building and furthering music culture in Houston. For this activity she is well prepared. Her contralto voice has been heard in the concert and radio world, and for ten years she served as director of St. Paul's Methodist Church choir in Houston. She was trained in the studios of three eminent American instructors — Mme. Marie Greenwood Worden, Memphis, Tennessee, Baroness Kathrine Von Klenner, New York, and William S. Brady, New York.

(Continued on Back Flap)

CORRIDORS BY CANDLELIGHT

By Anna Clyde Plunkett